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THE FAIREST GIFT.

BY CARON BELL.

Spirit of Health, close thou those pinions fair,
And tarry yet a moment by my side;
For thou art beautiful "beyond compare,"
Calm as the limpid, ever-fresh'ning tide.

How exquisite each fair and rounded limb!
How sweet the purple fulness of each vein!
Thy beauty makes all other beauties dim;
All other joys are still alloy'd with pain.

I love to watch thee in the ruddy child,
Bounding in rapture o'er the grassy mead,
Chasing glad urchins o'er unheeded wild,
And gaily shouting at each daring deed.

Ah! who would not all other joys forego,
All other treasures cast aside for thee?
Thou dost a halo o'er the present throw,
And tenderest glimpses of a bright to be.

Oh Health! thou fairest, choicest gift of Heaven,
How soon thy sweetness is by man forgot!
Thou'rt unregarded where thou most art given,
And valued most by those who have thee not.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

FROM that time she set herself most resolutely to see that I did not marry. She was sharp as a needle, keen as a hawk. If I showed symptoms of admiring any one she was instantly black-balled, cut dead, for some reason or other. I used to amuse myself in those days by affecting a violent admiration for some one in society, frightening her. I do not think proud Lady Ullswater's couch was a bed of roses.

"Then the time came to me which comes all men.

"I grew tired of the world, of its glare and noise—tired of the pomp of wealth, the chain of luxury.

"Just at this period I received an invitation from an old friend, Sir Tatton Gower, who had most unexpectedly come into possession of a very beautiful estate in Leicestershire. Looking at you, Laurie, I wonder if it would have been better if I had not gone?"

After helping himself to a glass of liqueur from a curious old stand on a table at his side, to which, when he felt exhausted, he had recourse during the lengthy recital of his life, my father lay still for some minutes, with his eyes resting on me. The memories that came to him must have been pleasant ones, for the first kindly smile that I had seen on his face changed him, and I could believe that he had once been a very handsome man.

Even as he lay now, there was a distinguished grace in his manner, one could see, due to perfect breeding.

"Laurie," he said—and the very tone of his voice was changed to me—"I never expected to go through this story of my life again.

"Do you know what it is like, dear? It is like reading over again a book of beautiful poems that one has not seen since childhood.

"I was forty years of age when I married your mother, and I had led a wild career; but I had loved no woman, although I had admired many; and in my heart there was a well-spring of love fresh and undefiled.

"I went to Greenglen, quite unconscious that there I should meet the love that was to be my doom.

"Sir Tatton Gower was a farmer by nature.

"He had longed all his life to live in the country, to till the ground, to watch the crops, to reap, and to gather. So that he was happy with a deep calm happiness that never came to me, in spite of my earldom and my wealth.

"Greenglen had been left to him by a distant relative.

"It was a fine old manor-house, standing in admirably laid-out grounds, surrounded by rich meadow-lands and fine old woods—nothing perhaps very picturesque or striking, but beautiful in its quiet homely simplicity: the front of the building was covered with flowers—white jessamine and scarlet creepers, roses of every shade and hue, and green ivy which climbed in great thick festoons, an orchard, and what they called the Home Farm.

"The river Soar ran through the grounds, and a tiny brooklet rippled through the garden on its way to the woods.

"Sir Tatton was in raptures with his new home.

"I have often wondered since why he was so anxious for my society; I was supposed in those days to care for nothing but cards and wine.

"But Sir Tatton was very fond of me. He consulted me about everything. We had fine sport, Laurie, fishing, shooting, and hunting; but it is not of that I want to tell you—not of the clear beautiful trout-streams or the rivers, or the bonnie green woods, or the rich clover-meadows.

"'Take a stroll through the woods, Hugo,' said Sir Tatton to me one bright June morning.

"'I am going to buy some Alderney cows.

"'You will not care to come with me, I expect; and the woods are perfect, with trees of pink and white may all in flower.'

"I laughed at his enthusiasm, and said I would.

"Sir Tatton went off to look after his cows, and I strolled in the direction of the woods.

"And right glad I was that I had gone thither.

"I reached a little brook, the banks of which were covered with blue forget-me-nots.

"Farther on, the distance between the trees widened, and they formed great glades like cathedral aisles.

"Looking through the interlacing boughs I saw that the brook widened and deepened. A hazy idea came to me of lying down where I could hear the soft ripple of the water over the stones, and I walked on. I followed the brook to my doom. There, where it widened into a clear bright pool, I saw as fair a picture as ever came beneath the gaze of man.

"The big boughs of a tree dipped into the water, forming a natural arch, underneath sat a young girl employed in sorting a basket of ferns—only a slender fair young girl; but, as I stood there and looked at her the very face of the world changed to me.

"I cannot tell you how long I stood watching her.

"I did not know how time went. How shall I describe to you the beautiful young face, with its expression of angelic purity and childlike innocence?

"I saw a ripple of hair bright as the sunshine—indeed it had caught its light—a fair ideal forehead, slight brows, so clear and well defined that they might have been pencilled.

"At first I could not see the color of her eyes, for they were bent on the ferns, but I saw the black drooping lashes.

"The mouth was sweet and gracious, and she had the daintiest dimpled chin conceivable.

"Something startled her. She looked up and then I saw her eyes. They were blue, large, clear, and tender. Young, beautiful, her pale blue dress falling round her, innocence shining in her face, the light of heavenly thoughts in her eyes—that was your mother as I first saw her."

Ah, this was truly the mother of my dreams, the beautiful ideal mother whom I loved so well! I had pictured just such a vision.

My father lay with a happy dreamy expression on his face.

I knew by instinct that he had opened his heart to better thoughts. Suddenly he looked at me with a smile.

"I have gone back twenty years," he said, "and I am standing by the singing brook with the dawn of a new love, of a mighty passion in my heart; and I wonder—oh, I wonder, Laurie, that I have not been a better man!

"I wonder that I ever went wrong in thought or deed after I met my fair young love on that June morning in the woods."

* * * * * * *

Lord St. Asaph paused for a few seconds, then continued—

"That which had startled the girl was the sudden fall of a wounded bird on the grass just at her feet.

"She gave a little cry of pity and horror. I saw her raise the bird and look at it with eyes full of loving pity.

"From the tremulous motion of the bright wings I knew that the bird was not dead.

"I leaped over the narrow brook, and went up to her.

"'I am afraid you have been startled,' I said. 'And your ferns are all scattered.'

"She raised her sweet face, her beautiful blue eyes, to mine.

"'My ferns will not be hurt,' she said; 'but this poor bird is dying.'

"I was a strong man in those days, Laurie; but I trembled when the sweet tones of that voice reached me; it stirred something in my heart that had never been stirred before.

"'It has been shot,' I said, taking the bird from her.

"'I have heard no report,' she replied, 'no sound.'

"'No, not just now. It has been done some time, I am afraid.'

"'How cruel!' she cried, turning pale. 'How barbarously cruel! Do you really mean that some one has shot it and left it to die?'

"'I am afraid it is so,' I replied.

"'Poor little bird!' she said slowly; and then she laid it gently on the grass.

"'I am afraid it startled you,' I said. 'I was on the other side of the brook when I saw it fall.

"'I hastened to you, seeing that it had distressed you.'

"But she did not want to see me. She was gazing beyond me, with a far-off look in her beautiful eyes.

"'What a life!' she said; and I knew, from her voice, that she was speaking her thoughts aloud rather than addressing me. 'A few short happy weeks in the sunshine, then a cruel shot, and the poor bird is dead!'

"'It seems to me much the same with the life of a man,' I remarked.

"'Ah, no!

"'Death opens to man the gates of heaven; it closes to this little bird existence for ever and ever.'

"Ah, Laurie, I wish you could have seen the speaker, the delicate color mantling her cheek, the sunlight on her hair, and the bird lying beside her.

"As I looked at her, I thought this was my ideal found at last.

"I thought how sweet it would be to teach her, to waken her heart to love, and, as I stooped to pick up the scattered ferns, I planned how I would woo her and win her.

"I would do it in disguise. She should not know that I was Earl of St. Asaph. I would carry out the dream of my life. I would be loved and married for myself.

"'I cannot arrange the ferns very artistically,' I said; 'but I have tried my best. We will bury the little bird under the leaves here; and then let me carry your basket to the edge of the wood.'

"Still, if she met my eyes, it was with tranquil indifference.

"I had been accustomed to see women flattered by my notice, embarrassed, confused; but she seemed perfectly indifferent to my little attentions.

"She would not give me the basket. It was not heavy, she said, and she preferred to carry it.

"I walked by her side, hardly able to find subjects for conversation—I, accustomed to talk by the hour to the fairest woman in London!

"'What woods are these?' I asked.

"'They are part of the Greenglen estate,' she answered; 'but the owners have always been very kind, and have allowed us free access.'

"'Whom do you mean by "us"?' I then asked.

"'The inhabitants of Sedgebrook,' she replied.

"'I am a stranger to this part of the world. Where and what is Sedgebrook?' I asked.

"'Sedgebrook is a pretty little village,' she replied, 'the existence of which is known to few, it being quite out of the world.

"'My father says it is a poem in bricks and mortar.'

"'I should like to see it,' I said.

"'You can easily gratify your curiosity,' she returned simply.

"'It is close to the wood. It is called Sedgebrook from this same brook running through it, and from the growth beyond the reeds and sedges.'

"'I should like to hear more of it. I have never been fortunate enough to see any such old-fashioned village.'

"'I am sure you will be pleased with it,' was the reply; 'every one is. My father will be delighted to show you the church. It is one of the oldest Norman churches in England, with stained-glass windows that, he says, no money could purchase in these days.'

"'What is your father, may I venture to ask?'

"'He is the curate. The Rector lives abroad.

"'The Vicarage where we live is half buried in trees and flowers. My father is very pleased to show people over the church especially any one who is likely to admire and appreciate it.'

"'What is the name of your church?' I asked.

"'I do not know if you will admire the name,' she said.

"'It is called after one of the old Saxon saints—Etheldreda.

"'My father thinks it the most beautiful name in the language.'

"'Your father seems to be a great judge of such matters,' I observed.

"'He is,' she said with a firm faith, her blue eyes brightening. 'He is so clever, and he loves the church so dearly. It is just like a favorite child to him.'

"At the edge of the wood a long green lane led to the village.

"She showed it to me with such charming simple pride—a pretty village, nestling among the Charnwood Hills.

"We went down the lane together, as we had walked through the woods.

"Her face brightened as we drew near Sedgebrook.

"'You will wonder that I love the little village so very much,' she said; 'but I have never been away from it in my life.'

"'You have never been from Sedgebrook?' I cried. 'You have seen nothing of the world?'

"'Nothing,' she replied; 'nor do I wish to see anything. I am perfectly happy here.

"'I have known people go from our pretty village because it was so quiet and still; they have come back to die.'

"'But you cannot have seen much of life,' I said.

"'You are very young.'

"'I am eighteen,' she said, with maidenly dignity.

"Eighteen! And I was forty, more than double her age!

"'There is my father going into the cottage with the wistaria growing round the porch!' she exclaimed suddenly.

"'I shall be only too pleased to make his acquaintance,' was my remark. And there and then I determined that this winsome, innocent, beautiful girl should be my wife.

"The good curate gave me a hearty welcome.

"Your mother with a sweet and innocent simplicity that was perfectly charming to me, introduced me to him as a gentleman whom she had met in the woods who wanted to see St. Etheldreda's.

"I admired the curate's simplicity quite as much as his daughter's.

"I explained to him that I wanted to see the church.

"'I shall be delighted to show it to you,' said the curate, with genial kindness. 'St. Etheldreda's is something to be admired. Will you walk home with me to get the keys?'

"I assented.

"The curate talked freely to me as we walked along, but it was evident that his daughter had forgotten me.

"I do not believe that she heard a word we said, or that she took any interest in our conversation.

"I introduced myself as Mr. Dundas, and I pleased myself by thinking that at some future time they should see and know me in my right position.

"Then I went with the curate to St Etheldreda's.

"I remember little of the church, except that it had very fine windows of stained glass.

"To my great delight, the Reverend Alton Grey pressed me to return and partake of his hospitality; I gladly consented.

"My dear, it is like a dream of Arcadia to me now, the remembrance of how I sat in the little green room, watching your mother's sweet face, drinking sparkling cowslip wine and eating fine ripe strawberries with luscious cream. Your mother a little apart, but now and then her eyes were turned upon me.

"I won their hearts.

"The curate began to confide to me the one dream of his life—to restore the beautiful old tower and place new pews in the church.

"'I know,' he said, 'it is a visionary idea yet I am always thinking of it.'

"It occured to me in a moment that, if I presented a handsome sum for the restoration of the church, I could come down from time to time to see how it was carried on, perhaps stay for a week at a time, and should thus be able to carry on our wooing.

"'What do you estimate the restoration would cost, Mr. Grey?' I asked.

"'A hopeless sum,' said the curate sadly; 'still my mind recurs to the idea, though I can see no prospect of its being carried out; my parishioners are too poor. We could not raise two thousand five hundred dollars in fifty years.'

"'Why not ask some one—say, some rich nobleman—to help you?'

"'It would be useless,' replied Mr. Grey. "You see Sedgebrook is quite out of the world.'

"Now was my opportunity.

"'I tell you what,' I said quickly; 'you inspire me to do a good deed. I have more money than I want, more than I can possibly spend.

"'I could not employ it better. I will give you two thousand five hundred dollars, for your church, Mr. Grey.'

"His wife rose from her seat, and the sweet face near me grew white with emotion.

"'You will give me two thousand five hundred dollars!' cried the curate. 'Is it possible?

"'I am so surprised, I am so astounded, I have no words.

"'Mabel, my dear wife—Agnes, my dear daughter—thank this generous friend for me.

"'Thank him—I cannot.'

"'Heaven will bless you, sir,' said a gentle voice.

"And those few words of approbation from her were reward enough for me.

"'But said Mrs. Grey earnestly, 'you must not deprive yourself for St. Etheldreda's.

"'Two thousand five hundred dollars is a large sum of money.'

"'Tell me,' I said gently, turning to Agnes, 'what do you think about it?'

"'I think,' she replied, 'that, if I were in your place and had two thousand five hundred dollars in the world, I would give it, and then work for more. But probably that is not the case?'

"'No; I shall not feel the loss of it. I owe a debt of gratitude to Heaven; would that I could repay it!'

"Then, seeing how anxious the good curate and his wife looked, I thought it well to tell them that my home was in London, that I had sufficient means to live comfortably on, that I had travelled much, and now wanted to settle down.

"The simple curate listened abstractedly, but Mrs. Grey glanced at her beautiful daughter.

"They pressed me to dine with them while we talked over matters, and I shared the curate's repast.

"I could not give them a cheque—had I done so, they would have found out my name; so I told them that I would run up to town and bring the money back with me. When it was time to go I turned to Agnes.

"'Will you show me the way to the garden gate?' I said.

"Again the father's face was a blank, and again I saw the mother's quick glance.

"'Go, my dear,' she said quietly; 'then come to me again.'

"I walked with the fair girl down to the garden gate. When we reached it, she paused.

"'I shall never know how to thank you, Mr. Dundas, for your gift to St. Etheldreda's,' she said earnestly; 'but you will have a great reward.'

"I did not tell her that I had found it already in the few hours I had spent with her.

"'Miss Agnes,' I said—'you see I love your name so well that I am going to take the liberty of using it—Miss Agnes, what shall I take with me to London, do you think?'

"'I cannot guess,' she answered very gently.

"'I will tell you then I said. 'I shall take back with me a picture of a tall slender girlish figure, of a tall head of golden hair, of a sweet face like a rose, of blue eyes that seem to have in them a light not of earth; and this figure wears a simple long blue dress.'

"'Why you mean me!' she cried; and as she laughed the sweetest, most musical laugh I had ever heard, the blood coursed wildly through my veins. 'I did not know myself at first,' she said. 'You have idealized me, Mr. Dundas."

"'Nature has done so,' I declared.

"But I saw that no flattery, no compliments would reach her—she was far above them.

"How should I wake her sleeping soul to the first thrill of human love?

"'You will think of me kindly while I am away?' I asked, as for one moment her slim white hand lay in mine.

"As she answered me with a calm sweet smile, my heart was on fire within me. I longed to fall upon my knees on the grass at her feet.

"Man-like, I glanced back presently, fondly hoping she might be looking after me.

"But no; her fair face was raised to heaven, and by the movement of her lips I knew that she was thanking Heaven for the gift made to St. Etheldreda's.

"She should be Countess of St. Asaph. I determined I would woo her and win her, and teach her to love me for myself alone; and at that time no man on earth ever loved a woman better than I loved Agnes Grey.

"I must not make my story too long, Laurie, or I shall tire you and exhaust myself.

"My plan succeeded perfectly. I took the money down, and the delight of those good people was indescribable.

"Of course they invited me to stay with them.

"The mother saw from the beginning how it was with me—I shall always feel sure of that.

"The father never thought of his daughter; he was too much engrossed with his projected restoration of St. Etheldreda's.

"Laurie, the hour came in which I won Agnes Grey—in which I woke human love and human passion in the heart which had been innocent as that of a dreaming child. I remember the rapture that filled me the first time I saw the color rise in her sweet young face and her eyes droop before mine.

"You see, Laurie, she had no chance with me.

"She was eighteen, I was forty; and I was a master of the art of winning a woman's love.

"Taken by surprise and passionately wooed, she said, she loved me; but I believe, had I given her time to think, she would never have said 'Yes.'

"However, I won, as the St. Asaphs always have done, and she promised to marry me.'

"Think, Laurie, what her love meant to a man like me, sated with the flattery and homage of worldly women, tired of their efforts to secure my wealth and title.

"Her very innocence and simplicity charmed and delighted me; it was like a new life.

"I cannot tell you whether she was fascinated by me, or whether she really loved me with her whole heart.

"On the day that she promised to be mine on the day that I knew I had won her for ever, I was mad with joy. Still I persevered in my plan.

"It was for myself alone she should love me; she should not know for long years to come that she had married an Earl. Think how I loved her, Laurie, when I was ready to forego everything in this world for her sake.

"Cards, dice, betting, racing, drinking, had lost their charm; I thought of nothing but her.

"At last, at last I was loved for myself. I had won for myself the love of one of the truest hearts that ever beat.

"The curate and his wife were both willing to entrust their daughter to me. No question ever arose in their minds as to who or what I was.

"I took a pretty finished house on the banks of the river at Kew, and brought them all three up to London to see it. They were delighted.

"The villa, with its pretty grounds and boathouse, which to me was merely a commonplace home, was to them a palace.

"Laurie, at that very time, when the curate, his wife, and my beautiful Agnes were staying at River View, a few weeks before our marriage, an account of an exploit of mine filled the papers—in fact, all England was ringing with it.

"One morning, when we were all at breakfast, the curate, who had been reading the newspapers, replaced it on the table.

"'What a sad thing it is for a man like Lord St. Asaph to forget himself in this fashion!' he said.

"If he had struck me a violent blow, I could not have felt more surprised. But now was my opportunity; now I had a chance of discovering what an earldom would count for with these simple-hearted people.

"'He is a wild fast man, that Lord St. Asaph,' I said; 'but he is very rich and very powerful, and, bad as he is, there is not a fashionable mother in England who would not give her daughter to him.'

"'I would not,' said Mrs. Grey quietly. 'I would not give my Agnes to him if he were a Duke and twenty times as rich.'

"'I would rather see my daughter dead than married to such a man,' said the curate solemnly.

"'And you?' I said, turning to her. 'I suppose you would not marry a man whom you did not esteem, would you, Agnes?'

"'Not if he were a king,' she replied.

"It was evident that, if it were known who I was, I should never be allowed to marry Agnes—indeed that she would never marry me.

"But I could not draw back now. My whole heart was fixed on making that sweet young girl my wife. I did not discuss the Earl of St. Asaph with them again, you may be sure.

"During the two months of my wooing, the happiest of my life, I saw the beauty of your mother's character.

"It was like a fair flower unfolding day by day before me; but I could never describe her piety, her goodness to the poor, her simple devotion.

"She took a strange view of life.

"Death was the gate of heaven; sickness was a favor from Heaven to be patiently borne; poverty—well, according to her, no one ever should repine at that.

"'Blessed are the poor,' she would say again and again.

"Now Laurie, what could any one do with a woman like that?"

"It seems to me that she was a saint!" I cried, my heart touched by the picture.

"Saints are very well in another world, but they are out of place in this," said the Earl, with a grim sneer.

"That kind of thing was delicious and novel in a bribe; but afterwards—— Well, I lost my patience long years ago!

"Laurie," continued my father, "I wish you could have seen your mother on her wedding-morn—the fairest, sweetest bride the sun ever shone on.

"We were married in the old church of St. Etheldreda, at Sedgebrook, in Leicestershire, and there the record of our marriage may be found this day.

"And mind, Laurie, the marriage was perfectly legal.

"I dropped my name or title of St. Asaph and first name—Hugo—lest it should betray me.

"I was married as Allan Dundas.

"Allan is my second and Dundas the family name.

"There should never be any wrong of that nature done to her.

"I took every legal precaution to render the marriage valid. Few in this world, I am sure, feel the same happiness as came to me on my wedding-day.

"I know very well, Laurie," continued my father, after remaining for some moments with his eyes closed and his head thrown back, looking like death, "that, to preserve your affection and respect, I should finish my story here.

"I do not shine in the next part of it—far from it.

"But I have determined that you shall hear all, cost what it may."

Again my father paused, with a hard set look on his haggard face.

CHAPTER XII.

"I GREW jealous of your mother, Laurie" continued my father, with a hard cruel expression on his features—"not jealous of any man; she had no eyes, no thought for any one save me.

"I was jealous of her goodness, of her constant care for the poor.

"I found there was a great gulf between us which nothing could bridge, nothing lessen.

"She seemed so far above me that she was hardly mine.

"What right had I, a reprobate, with a wife whom every one called saint?

"At first she did not seem to perceive the difference; but I felt it. Ah, Laurie, how perfect she was—and how perfect a good woman can be!

"I like to think of her piety and innocence her sweet simplicity and tender wisdom, her truth and love.

"I hardly know how to tell you my story.

"A nature like yours can never understand the littleness and the meanness of mine.

"I was jealous of my wife's goodness; I wanted her to be more human, more like myself, more on an equality with me. It was not likely that I should ever rise to her level, so I desired that she should stoop to mine.

"A great trouble soon befell my young wife.

"The good curate called to visit a parishioner dying with fever.

"He caught it, and upon the same day, while nursing him, Mrs. Grey also contracted the disease.

"They both died within three days, before we could get to them. It was a terrible blow to your mother, Laurie, and I thought at times that she would never get over it.

"Jealousy has always been one of the faults of character of the St. Asaphs; and I who loved my wife really better than my life, grew jealous of the grief she showed.

"Laurie, you remember the lines about the little rift within the lute? I can hardly tell when discord first began; but I grew sullen and discontented.

"I wanted Agnes to be more like me—to live more for the world; and I was gloomy and ill-tempered.

"I remember the first Sunday we spent at the villa at Kew.

"She was up early, with a sweet bright light on her face, happy because it was Sunday.

"As we sat at breakfast, the church bells began to chime.

"Even to my worldly callous heart there was something beautiful in the sound. My wife's sweet face flushed, and the tears came into her eyes.

"'Allan,' she said, 'let us make haste and finish breakfast, and go to church. How late we are!'

"'Go to church, Agnes! Why, I have never been to church in my life, except when I was at Sedgebrook and abroad!'

"I spoke without thinking how I should shock her.

"'You have never been to church save on those occasions!

"'Oh, Allan,' she cried, the horror on her face a cruel reproach to me, 'I thought you liked going to church?'

"'It is your own inference, Agnes, drawn from Heaven knows what,' I laughed. 'I have never said such a thing.'

"'But look at what you did for St. Etheldreda's!' she cried.

"'My dear,' I said, 'that was done for you and not for love of St. Etheldreda's.'

"Her sweet face blanched—indeed it was never quite the same after that day.

"'Oh, I am so sorry!' she said. 'I thought you had done it really for the love of Heaven.'

"'No; it was for the love of Agnes Grey,' I answered.

"Then she came up to me, still with horror on her face.

"She clasped her little white hands round my arm.

"'Allan, she said, 'you are jesting; you cannot mean what you say!'—and the tears filled the sweet blue eyes. 'You will go to church with me, will you not, Allan?' she said.

"'To please you, dear heart I would go anywhere,' I replied; and she looked sadly into my face.

"'Not to please me,' but because it is right,' she said.

"'No; if I go at all, it shall not be under false pretences.

"'I make the sacrifice of a few hours solely to please you.'

"'That would be of no use,' she said piteously—'no use at all.'

"'Then I will stay here and take my cigar out to the river bank while you go, Agnes.'

"She looked deeply wounded.

"I was sorry.

"I felt just a little pleasure in paying her off in her own coin, as it were. She had made me suffer enough through her pity and devotion.

"All that day, Laurie, the sadness never died from her eyes, and they followed me with a look of misery that haunted me. Still I could not give in. Gradually the gulf widened.

"Slight disagreements, occurring continually, brought mistrust and misery in their train.

"You must understand, Laurie, that I had placed restraint upon myself. I had found it difficult to conquer all my bad propensities at once; but I had never touched a card or a dice-box since I met your mother on that bright morning in Greenglen Woods—I had never uttered an oath or a bad word, I had never taken a glass too much.

"One bright summer afternoon, my wife, looking fairer than ever, yet with a line of trouble across her white brow, was sitting by her favorite window that overlooked the river.

"She held some pretty fancy-work in her hands.

"I had written some letters, and, wanting to seal them, asked Agnes to help me. Always bright, always cheerful, she rose at once.

"I held the letters while she found the wax and lighted the little taper. Suddenly and quite accidently she let the burning wax fall upon my fingers.

"I jumped up—old habits were too strong for me—and I gave vent to an oath.

"She sprang back, with upraised hands and lips apart.

"'Oh, Allan, Allan, may Heaven forgive you! How could you use such words as those?

"'How could you?'

"'Why, what harm was there in it?' I said.

"'Get me something for my fingers; they are horribly burned.'

"But she she stood looking at me with the same pained startled eyes. She seemed rooted to the spot.

"As she stood there, half dazed, it seemed with scandalous cruelty I repeated my offence.

"She gazed at me for a moment in horrified amazement, then put her hands over her ears and ran away.

"She was never the same after that.

"By that one ebullition of temper I had done more to alienate my wife's love than I could have done in any other way. She

seemed frightened, and for some hours she avoided me.

"But she was of too loving a nature to be able to bear the estrangement long; besides her sensitive conscience was alarmed.

"I was moodily noting the growth of some gardenias in the conservatory, when Agnes came to me.

"I think I was just regretting that I had married a saint, and wishing my wife were more like myself.

"Yet it was for her very spirituality that I loved her.

"This time she did not speak to me with her usual freedom.

"She seemed still a little startled and frightened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One Night.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

I WAS sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at the door.

The servant opened it, when a man rushed in, in the wildest disorder.

"For God's sake, doctor, come with me!" he said. "It's a case of life or death. A young girl has stabbed herself; she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars if you save her! Come, oh, no, do not delay."

And he rushed towards me as if to drag me along.

I hurried away with him, snatching my instruments from the table as I passed it. I think I never saw before such conclusive grief as this man's face expressed.

He was a handsome man, with one of those faces the ladies so much admire, jet black hair, clustering in waving curls over a white forehead.

The lower part of his otherwise feminine features was relieved by a fine jet black beard.

I asked him for the full particulars of the case.

"Doctor," said he, "make haste. I shall go mad. Why, I would give every drop of blood in my body to save one drop of hers.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "preserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste, doctor,—oh, my God!" my God!"

We reached the house.

On a satin couch, in a splendid room—the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood—lay a young girl.

I think I never saw such a beautiful looking creature.

Even with a pallid countenance and blood-less lips she was more of heaven than earth. What she was when the roses played on her downy cheeks I could fancy.

There was a deep wound over the heart, and it was quite evident that the blow had been given with right good will.

On the floor, covered with blood, lay the weapon—a slight Damascene dagger, the handle richly set with pearls, strongly lit up with the reflection from the blood-stained ivory.

It was too late!

Alas, the life-blood was slowly dropping away.

That masterpiece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate.

She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying love upon the young man who had summoned me to this scene of death.

"Sidney," she said, "Sidney, I am dying. My own Sidney. I could not live neglected. I told you I would love you to death. Kiss me, Sidney."

She sank back, and death closed upon his victim!

My companion sat for some time strangely staring at the lifeless form on the couch. I could perceive that reason was tottering on its foundation.

I was fascinated by his strange look. At last I went up to him.

"Sir," I said, "she is no more. Death has released her from her troubles."

"Dead!

"Did you say she is dead, doctor?" said he, with a strange and curious stare at me.

"Ah! and you have murdered her," yelled the madman, for such he was now.

"You have murdered her, and I shall murder you.

"Ah! ah! it will be rare sport."

Before I could prevent him, he had picked up the dagger.

"Yes," said he, with a yell, "I will murder you with her dagger.

"I will stab you in the same place. Oh! it will be rare sport to see you groan and struggle like she did.

"Ah! ah!" and he made a bound at me.

Now this was far from pleasant.

In fact it was a very awkward fix to be in. I did not know how to act.

The madman made a grasp at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark, I seized his lamp and cast it on the floor. The room was now dark.

The madman set up a terrific yelling, and I could hear him lock the door and put the key in his pocket, while he kept muttering.

"I will kill him, I will kill him!

"Oh! it will be rare sport to see him die like she did!"

I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him; but I knew the increased strength that the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent.

What should I do?

I must do something.

It would soon be daylight, when I would again be in his power.

I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and, as luck would have it, found a heavy dumb bell in the corner where I lay concealed.

Presently, I heard the madman slowly searching for me.

I raised the dumb bell: "May God forgive me," I said; it descended, and I was free.

The madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, smashed in the lock with the heavy metal, and rushed downstairs.

Presently, the house was all in commotion.

Oh! what a scene!

The girl dead in a pool of blood—the man insensible on the floor, with the dagger firmly clutched in his hand.

I bled him and he slowly recovered. But reason never returned.

He is a madman to this day.

I never heard the history of my patients of that night.

They were strangers in the house. I never will forget that night's adventure.

His Rival!

BY F. L. WELLS.

IT was the time when lilies blow.

The pearl-grey clouds were sailing and piling themselves lazily above, and behind these were "depths beyond depths" of clearest azure.

The crickets chirped drowsily among the drooping grasses, now and then a bird uttered a faint protest against the heat, and sank into silence again.

Dell Irving tripped down the garden-path with its fringes of feathery ferns and pale, sweet-faced violets.

She was looking as cool as if the day were filled with delicious sea breezes.

The golden hair, piled on the dainty head in the indescribable manner fashion dictates, was shaded by a huge chip hat.

What a picture she made, as, scissors in hand, she stood and contemplated the sweetly-blooming flower-beds before her, filled with their old fashioned favorites, as well as newer, rarer flowers.

A small, yet perfectly formed young girl her every action and gesture a poem in itself, so unconsciously graceful was it.

But when you noticed the pretty arch mouth, you were somehow compelled to believe that Miss Dell was not quite so innocent as she looked, and that she had a will of her own, if she only chose to use it.

Another figure flitted up the garden-path—that of a young man, tall, dark, stalwart and handsome.

The "dark, dark eyes" lit up when he saw Dell, and he waved his hand gaily to her.

"Isn't it warm to-day?"

Rick said this with a profoundly wise look, as if afraid Dell might not yet have discovered the fact.

Then he fanned himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"Do you really think so?" with sarcasm. "Why, I was laboring under the mistaken impression that it is rather cool. I'm glad you came to undeceive me," gratefully.

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Rick Anderton severely.

Then—"Won't you give me a flower, Dell?" with an insinuating smile.

"Here is the 'last rose of summer,'" said Dell, cutting the "last rose" off its stem with a vicious snip of the scissors. "Its rather faded and old, but, of course, you don't mind," in a tone impossible to translate.

"No, indeed," said Rick provokingly, while Dell pinned it to the lapel of his coat. "Of course I don't mind if it is a trifle faded."

He was looking straight into Dell's eyes as he said it, and as he was her lover, Dell took an unfair interpretation of this last remark.

"Dell, where did you get that ring?"

Rick Anderton took Dell's snowflake of a hand in his own great, strong one, and gazed at it, a frown, half playful, half real, in his eyes.

"Oh, somewhere!" said Dell, in a manner as exasperating as it was vague. "But which one do you mean, Rick? This one? Why, you gave it to me. Don't you remember?"

"I don't mean that one," said Rick, the frown in his eyes growing more ominously dark, the playful expression entirely gone.

"This one, then? Aunt Belle gave it to me on my last birthday.

"You've seen it ever so many times before, I'm quite sure."

"I don't mean that one!"

And Rick's voice was so harsh, and stern and jealous that Dell almost skipped out of her dainty slippers.

Dell heaved a reluctant sigh.

There was only one ring left—a delicately-chased gold one—so she supposed she would have to tell him all about it.

She meant to teach him a lesson, though, for being so jealous without a cause.

"This," she began, with a charming, as well as exasperating, air of reluctance, "or—Jim sent me yesterday. Isn't it too lovely?" gazing up at him with those bewitching blue eyes.

Rick made no reply, but held her hand tightly crushed in his own, displeasure and pain in his eyes.

"You hurt me, Rick," said Dell plaintively, gently essaying to withdraw her hand.

She was rather enjoying the scene, but she had no intention of permitting her hand to be broken to bits.

With an impatient gesture, Rick dropped it.

"Who is Jim?" he said abruptly.

"A dear old friend of mine, Rick!" with enthusiasm. "I only wish you knew Jim. You would be perfectly delighted with——"

"I beg leave to differ with you," said Rick freezingly. "I would not be delighted with him.

Dell looked snubbed.

"But isn't the ring pretty?" she said at last, holding it up tantalizingly. "And see what's engraved on it."

"To Darling Dell, from Jim."

As Rick read, the passionate jealous pain at his heart became almost unendurable.

He dared not trust himself to speak, so he turned abruptly on his heel, and strode rapidly down the garden-path.

Dell laughed, though just a little uneasily.

"He will come back to-night," she thought, "to ask to be forgiven for doubting me, and then how he will laugh when he knows all about it."

But the lovely blue eyes were a trifle clouded for all that when she returned to the house laden with flowers.

Aunt Belle noticed the cloud, and said—

"What is the matter with Rick Anderton, Dell? He walked away as if racing for a wager."

"Oh, he got mad!" said Dell, delightfully vague, as was her wont.

"'The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel!'" laughed Aunt Belle, resuming her book without giving further thought to the matter.

She was quite accustomed to Rick's and Dell's little squabbles, and did not imagine that this was anything more serious than usual.

But Rick did not come back that evening nor the next; and Dell became uneasy, and then righteously indignant.

What a fuss Rick made about nothing, on account of jealousy and ill-temper.

Why couldn't he have waited for an explanation, instead of starting off in such a huff?

Well, she was glad to get rid of him, and hope it was for good and all.

But for all that, Dell did not feel quite happy.

If only Rick were not so inclined to misjudge her.

Glad news!

Jim Harper was coming on a visit that very afternoon, and Dell was to be at the station at two o'clock, with her pony phaeton.

She made herself look very bewitching in a light summer dress, with great, golden-hearted pansies at her throat and in her belt.

She was radiantly happy.

How nice it would be to see dear old Jim again!

After all, this world was a very glad world to live in, in spite of the jealous Ricks who tried to make it so unhappy.

Rick Anderton was at the station, lounging about with a dissatisfied and not altogether happy look on his face.

As the train came up, shrieking and puffing, Dell flitted past him without even a nod of recognition, and gazed delightedly at one of the windows.

There were not many passengers bound for this sleepy village, but among them was one dainty brunette, who threw herself rapturously into Dell's arms.

Rick stared in astonishment.

He had heard, as naughty Dell well knew that a certain Jim Harper was about to pay a visit to Mrs. Belle Irving, and he had haunted the station in order to find out what sort of a looking fellow this Jim Harper was.

He found out at last.

"Jemima Harper—dear old Jim—how delighted I am to see you again!" gushed Dell rapturously, taking good care to speak loud enough for Rick to hear every word.

And then she and her old school-friend drove away, while Rick Anderton stood and stared after them like one dazed.

I don't think Rick deserved much mercy at Dell's hands, do you?

But when he came to her that evening, so repentant and humble, what could she do but "forgive and forget?"

Rick promised never to be jealous again, and bids fair to keep his word.

Dell was a little sorry, however, that she surrendered so soon, for, as her old schoolmate herself declared—

"Rick would never have found so ready a pardon from Jim!"

CLOTHES-PINS.—Nearly all of the clothes-pins that find their way to market are manufactured in New England. The woods of which they are made are of white birch and beech, good for this use but for not much else. The logs are sawed off into lengths of sixteen and twenty-two inches. The latter are sawed up into little boards to make the boxes for packing the pins. The shorter lengths are sawed into strips of suitable thickness for pins by gang saws that make a block into strips quicker than you can say Hohokus. Then a gang of three saws cuts off the strips into five-inch lengths. Each pin is now just a squared block about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch square. In this shape they are fed out of the troughs into automatic lathes, each of which turns out eighty rounded pins per minute. With equal rapidity the knives of a slotting machine, set to work like a circular saw, bite out the sloping slot of each pin. When this is done they are thoroughly seasoned in drying kilns. The next process is polishing. Forty bushels of them are tossed together into a revolving drum, where they make each other smooth by their friction, and to finish them a little tallow is thrown in when they are almost done. That gives them a nice glossy surface. After all that they are packed in boxes—five gross in a box—by girls, and are ready for the market.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SAME ALWAYS.—In European remains Prof. Jackson has found evidence that the man of prehistoric days was afflicted by toothache, abscess of the jaw, rheumatic ulceration, and many other diseases not materially different from those which attack modern humanity.

BIG HEADS.—According to a writer in the *Journal of Mental Science*, the popular belief that men of great intellectual powers have large heads, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's celebrities points the other way.

THE SMITHS OF CHINA!—The Chinese have names which correspond in frequency with the Browns and Smiths of Anglo-Saxon Christendom. Those names most frequently occurring are Chin, Chang, Wang, Shin, which are the equivalents of "gold," "long," "prince," and "stone."

WOULD VOTE!—At the recent municipal election in Utica, a voter who could not possibly get out tied his ballot on a string and let it down from his window, a political friend then took it, held it above his head and carried it across and down the street to the polling place, the voter paying out the string, and then the inspector took the paper, looked at it, at the string, and at the man holding the other end, and deposited it in the box.

THE TREE OF EMPIRE.—In the Emperor's hall of the Hohenzollern Museum, Berlin, is a piece of an ancient pear tree from the foot of the Untersberg. The tradition is that this tree would bear fruit so long as the German empire prospered. In 1806, when the Emperor Francis II, laid down the crown, the tree ceased to show any sign of life; but in 1871, shortly after the empire was restored, the ancient tree, long supposed to be dead, once more bore blossoms and fruit. It was then that a piece was sent to the Emperor.

SELLING CHILDREN.—In India, China, and other African and Oriental countries it frequently happens in times of distress that parents sell their children to buy food. The pleasant custom appears nearer home. The following advertisement appears in the English Hereford *Times*, of late date:—"Ann Jones wants to sell her child, a little girl. It is twelve months old. Price, £1 10s. Address Ann Jones, Westington, Bellfield, near Leominster." In Herefordshire children seem to rate about the same figure as mutton—one shilling per pound.

"EDGEWISE."—Sir John Ramsden, of Byram, Yorkshire, who is said to be the wealthiest Englishbaronet, collects $850,000 a year and owns almost the whole of Huddersfield, the great manufacturing centre. The little bit he doesn't own was a very Naboth's vineyard to his father, who, according to popular tradition, once offered to its Quaker owner to cover it with sovereigns if he would sell it, "Edgewise, friend Ramsden?" quoth the Quaker; "in that case it is thine; otherwise all Huddersfield must still belong to thee and me." "Edgewise" was rather more than the baronet could swallow.

THE AGE OF TREES.—In reference to a late article in this column, a Springfield, Ill., correspondent, writes that lately in Calaveras Co., Cal., a tree was cut down which gave signs of being 2,496 years old. A tree that was a sapling when Nebuchadnezzar was a boy, that was nearly two hundred years old when Socrates was born. A yew tree in Scotland is calculated to be 2,609, and one in Kent 3,000. There is a baobab tree at Senegal, in Africa, in which an incision was made and the concentric rings counted, and from that it was calculated to be 5,150 years old. Yet there is a cypress in Chapultepec 117 feet in circumference, which Humboldt considers still older.

HAYSEED AND INNOCENCE.—Hayseed in the hair is supposed to be the distinguishing mark of rural innocents who fall into the snares of city sharpers, but though aggravated cases of this kind are constantly reported—there is no evidence that hayseed has ever actually sprouted on such soil. But precisely that sight may yet be seen, for Martin Small, a well-known farmer in the English parish of Shapwick, lately found a considerable crop of grass springing up all along the back of one of his sheep. It is conjectured that a long exposure to rain had caused the seeds, which might easily have been taken up from the hay with which the sheep was supplied, to germinate in its warm and dirty fleece.

THE WHITE THISTLE—The long hours of darkness had begun on one of the weary nights when the Virgin Mother and her Holy Son were flying with St. Joseph into a strange land. Shivering with fatigue and cold, Mary could go no further, but sank down upon the sand of the desert, with the Divine Child still clasped in her arms. At length St. Joseph discerned a cleft between two large rocks, which would be some shelter from the cold night wind; and, having laid a mantle upon the ground, he placed the Virgin and Jesus there to rest. At the foot of the rock a little flower was blooming, a lowly, humble thing that scarce a traveller would have heeded—a flower of a bright red hue. But that night, during the silence and stillness, when the only watchers were the gleaming stars in Heaven above, Mary rose to give nourishment to Jesus, and as she nursed Him—singing a sweet low hymn to soothe Him to sleep—one drop of her milk fell on the lowly little flower which bloomed at her feet. From that moment its rosy hue fled forever, but it was fairer and lovelier by far, for the little thistle had grown white as snow, and has so remained to this very hour, in remembrance of the night when Mary and the infant Jesus rested so very near it.

MY LOST LOVE.

BY S. T.

I never shall list to the cuckoo's song
When the Summer days return,
But my heart shall throb the whole day long,
And my weary brain shall burn:
For the cuckoo's song and the Summer day
Shall tell me of love and thee,
Though I am here and thou art away,
Lost ever to Love and me.

I never shall sit on a rustic stile,
With beeches boughs o'erhead,
But back to my soul shall come the while
A day that is passed and dead—
A day when your face was near to mine,
And your voice was in mine ears—
A day which but once the Fates assigns
To all in a life's long years.

Alas, that day can come no more
To this empty heart of mine,
Though flow'rs may spring and larks may soar
And Summer suns may shine!
For woe is mine! I stand alone,
With a bosom full of pain,
While the mellow breeze is past me blown
And the evening sunbeams wane.

But the balmy breath of the meadow breeze
Awakens a wild regret;
And I think it was in days like these
That I and my darling met—
My bright young love, whose fairest face
Of all fair womankind
Hath found in my heart that sacred place
Another can never find.

I know all in vain my sorrow
Through the dreary place to be:
I know that no bright to-morrow
Will bring back my ship to me;
I know that my love is lost me,
That my dream has passed away;
And I know what that dream has cost me
As I stand alone to-day!

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

BRIAN was standing on the hearth-rug with folded arms, absently stroking his dark moustache and staring into the fire.

How sad he looked, poor fellow—Mary had time to think so before he turned round, and, brightening, he advanced to meet her—and how handsome he was, with his dark eyes and straight nose and close-cropped small dark head!

Even his unconsciously haughty carriage became him so well.

Mistress Mary had a decided preference for fair men, especially for men with curly hair and gray eyes; but she had told Ninon once that Mr. Beaufoy was the handsomest dark man she had ever seen, and had cried out indignantly at Miss Masserene's shrug of the shoulders, the only answer the girl had vouchsafed.

"My cousin continues to improve, I hope, Miss Hawthorn?" Brian said now, as, having given Mary a chair near the fire, he took his stand on the opposite side of the hearth-rug, with his elbow on the little chimney-piece.

"Yes," Mary answered, a little bit crossly, "she is beginning to look quite herself again.

"And in my opinion, Mr. Beaufoy, that is looking a great deal too pretty for a girl who means to go out as a companion."

The young man started; and Miss Hawthorn congratulated herself on the success of this sudden announcement.

It had shaken him a little out of his habitual reserve, at any rate.

"That is what she has decided upon doing?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes."

He did not speak for some moments; then he said abruptly again—

"She is most unfitted for such a position."

"Less unfitted for that, perhaps, than for teaching young children," answered Mary gently.

"And that was the only alternative, since she declines to accept aunt Dorothy's invitation, and make her home with us for a while at the cottage."

"I wish that might be arranged," the young man said eagerly.

But Mary shook her head.

"I am afraid it is quite out of the question," she said.

"Ninon can be very obstinate.

"We have done our best to persuade her; but she will not yield."

"And"—Brian hesitated—"her engagement to Mr. Strong?"

"That," Miss Hawthorn said gravely, "is at an end."

He looked at her quickly.

"It is better so, Mr. Beaufoy," Mary added gently.

"Ninon's heart was never in it; and Dick has set her free."

Mr. Beaufoy fell to stroking his moustache in silence as before.

He was frowning evidently at his own thoughts, and not at the charming sympathetic face on which his dark eyes were absently fixed.

"I knew, of course," he said at last, "that there had been a quarrel.

"But"—he smiled bitterly—"a man must expect, I am afraid, to have a rather stormy time of it with Ninon Masserene.

"And I believed that matters had been smoothed over."

"No," Mary said, in a low voice.

It was not easy for her just yet to speak on the subject.

She could hardly bear even to think of her poor unhappy Dick gone back to his work with such a sore and heavy heart.

"I do not know how far you are in my cousin's confidence, Miss Hawthorn," Brian said again, hesitating.

"Ninon has told me nothing," Mary answered quickly.

"She is not a girl to talk much of such matters, I think, at any time; and now"—coloring—"she feels no doubt that a great deal of trouble has arisen for us all, and—"

"You know nothing then of the cause that led to the rupture between her and Mr. Strong?

"Forgive me if I appear impertinent; but I assure you that I have some right to put the question."

Some right!

Mary felt puzzled again; but she only answered quietly—

"Nothing, except what I have gathered from Ninon's reluctance to speak of her visit last summer to the Priory, Mr. Beaufoy, or of any one connected with it.

"But"—she checked herself, blushing deeply—"I have no right to speak of my own conjectures.

"I can only tell you again that I am not in Ninon's confidence."

"You know however," the young man persisted gravely, "that her engagement with Mr. Strong is broken—decisively?"

"Yes," Mary said, in a trembling voice. "I know it from his mother; and Ninon has silently admitted that it is so."

Again there was a pause.

Miss Hawthorn had taken up her embroidery, and showed no disposition to disturb the course of the young man's troubled meditations.

"At least," he began, after some minutes, "it might be possible to find in the house of a friend such a position as she has determined to seek.

"I will write at once to my sister.

"She may know of some one in Paris who would be glad of an English-speaking companion."

"I am sure Ninon could not object to that," returned Mary, with unconscious emphasis; and then she blushed and felt that she had betrayed the hollowness of her former little excuses on so many points.

Brian smiled bitterly.

"Oh, I am aware," he said, "that my cousin is reluctant to permit any interference on my part!

"But I am her oldest male relative. I feel that I have some right to interest myself in her future."

"It is good of you," Mary said hastily.

"And Ninon is always ready to admit your kindness.

"Dear me," she added to herself, "how easily I told that fib!

"It is getting quite alarming, the facility with which they pop out now!"

And then aloud, "I am sure," she said, smiling kindly at Mr. Beaufoy's disturbed face, "you won't like your cousin any the less for having inherited a little of the family pride."

"She has a good friend in you, Miss Hawthorn," the young man said heartily, pressing the young lady's hand.

And, adding that he hoped Ninon would allow him to see her as soon as possible, he went off to write his letter to his sister.

Mary went back to Ninon, whom she had left at work in her bed-room.

As she opened the door, she was struck by the dejection in the girl's face and figure.

She sat at the window, sewing at some black garment, and against the glimmering gray square her slender shape, in its mourning-gown, and her drooping head, shorn of its splendid weight of braids, made a delicate silhouette in the wintry twilight. She looked so lovely, so frail, so sad, that the elder girl's heart yearned towards her with a sudden pain.

But she had hardly time to notice it before Ninon, hearing the door open, had hastily aroused herself from her reverie and adjusted the lines of her face more cheerfully.

She did not look up, because she was so anxious not to lose the last of the daylight for her work; and, as Mary drew near, she saw the tears she had tried to hide glittering on the bosom of her black gown.

"Just a few stitches more," she said, "and then I shall have done for to-day."

But Mary drew out of her hands the sleeve she was holding.

"Not one stitch more," she said.

"You are to come down stairs for some tea.

"You have done more than your share."

Ninon stretched her tired arms and clasped them at the back of her head, smiling now somewhat tremulously, and looking at her friend.

"Very well," she said.

"And indeed I can hardly see any longer."

"And you have let the fire go out," continued Mary reproachfully.

"Have I?"—hurriedly.

"I—I did not notice.

"I did not feel cold."

The little hands that Miss Hawthorn took in her own were like two little lumps of ice. She said so sternly.

"That is always the way," she added, kissing her, and beginning to fold up the pieces of black stuff and lay them neatly away.

"You send me down to talk to Bogey, and then you neglect yourself when I am away."

"I am sorry," said Ninon meekly, putting up her face to be kissed again.

"Well," Mary answered, relenting, "poor Bogey is gone now; so we will go down-stairs."

There was no answer.

Ninon was collecting the various little implements of her work-basket.

"He asked very kindly after you, dear," continued Miss Hawthorn, "and begged me to say that he was anxious to see you as soon as possible.

"And really, Ninon"—in a coaxing little voice—"I shall have to invent some new excuse.

"The constant headaches I accuse you of are not flattering to my reputation as a nurse."

"Poor little Mary!" Ninon said gently.

"And, after all, I am not very particular; but this are fibs, aren't they?

"Mr. Beaufoy will begin to think I am an adept in the art of telling 'white ones,' and I really should not like to lose his esteem."

"There is no danger," Ninon answered, with some coldness.

"Mr. Beaufoy is aware that it is I who am responsible for your stories, Mary."

"But," Mary urged, "that is just it!

"Don't you mean to see your cousin at all before you go—not even to say good-bye?"

"Yes," Ninon answered, suppressing a sigh, "I suppose I must see him again, though we said good-bye to each other when I was leaving the Priory.

"But I shall have to thank him, of course, for his kindness since then.

"I will see him as soon as I have found a situation, Mary; that will be time enough."

"Ninon!" pleaded Mary, the tears rising in her eyes in spite of her.

She confessed herself completely baffled. She could not understand why the girl should thus a second time play with her own happiness.

For, after all, if Brian Beaufoy was really so indifferent to her, why should Ninon continue to keep him at arm's-length?

Why not see him, like any other friend, and have done with it?

She put her arms so fondly now about Ninon, and rubbed her fresh cheek so fondly against hers, that there was no mistaking what was in her thoughts.

Ninon turned her lips to the pretty nestling cheek and kissed her sadly.

"Mary," she said, in a constrained voice, "I have sometimes thought that you have been indulging in a little romance about Mr. Beaufoy and me."

Mistress Mary started perceptibly, feeling herself detected.

"My dear, there is not the slightest foundation for your pretty castle in the air," the girl added.

"You see I have blown it down with a breath."

And then Mary, who was a little bit afraid of Ninon, sweet though she was, when she drew up her throat in that way, did not say another word.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE answers to Miss Masserene's advertisement came in but slowly, and they proved to be anything but satisfactory. Ninon began to be anxious, and doubly so on Mary's account.

"I am keeping you here all this dreary time," she said, on the fourth or fifth day, when the reading of their letters at breakfast had resulted, as usual, in disappointment, "and aunt Dorothy is all by herself. Perhaps I had better think of something else, Mary.

"Perhaps a situation as governess would be easier to find?"

But Mistress Mary was of the opinion that the longer the search was kept up, the more chance there was of the rebuilding of that castle in Spain which Ninon had so ruthlessly destroyed.

"If you are not tired of me, Ninon," she said gently, "I am not at all tired of you.

"And there is always Bevis to look after aunt Dorothy.

"I assure you he is capable of doing so. There never was such a sensible old fellow."

She was waiting a little impatiently for Mr. Beaufoy's next visit.

There was no telling what might come of his letter to Madame Du Mottay.

Brian himself was not less anxious perhaps.

He did not of course expect his sister to answer at once.

He prepared himself for at least a week of suspense, Florry being the worst correspondent in the world, and not apt to put herself out of the way, even when, as he had represented to her in this instance, the case was urgent.

But at last her answer did arrive, and in very characteristic fashion.

She knew no one who was in want of a companion, and, if she did, she certainly should never dream of recommending Ninon for such a position.

"Ninon Masserene a companion," she wrote with many dashes—"and in Paris of all places in the world!

"My dear Brian of what can you be thinking?

"Solitary confinement is beginning to tell upon your brain, my poor boy, *cela se voit!* For Heaven's sake, come back to us before it is too late!

"Unless indeed you are about to make up your mind—to offer Ninon the position she is in search of at the Priory.

"Isn't there some story of a broken engagement?

"I believe I heard something of the sort from Quentin, who has been in the lowest of low spirits of late.

"If the story be true, I am sure it is one of you two boys who is responsible for it—I mean for the broken engagement; I am not sure which of you.

"You always declared that she used to flirt with Quentin; Quentin declares that she is in love with somebody else.

"By-the-way, he is gone off to America, to shoot something—I forget what—with young De la Grenaye, and Heaven only knows when they will be back."

Brian flung down the letter when he had read so far.

Some discordant string had been set jarring within him.

It seemed as if his sister's frivolous little scrawl had brought back all the misery and doubt and division that had made his house a hateful place to him during the last autumn.

He had been doing his best to forget that troubled time—not to even let the recollection of it stand in the way of his doing what was possible for that lonely child over there in the empty house.

And now a careless word had brought it all back, and the silent old room in which he sat seemed to be ringing again with a sweet melancholy girl's voice, and its blank mirrors to be giving back, in a hundred haunting shapes, her flower-like beauty and her capricious indefinable charm.

The young man passed his hand impatiently across his eyes, and took up his sister's letter again.

"I am sure it is one of you two boys who is responsible for Ninon's broken engagement."

What did Florry mean by writing such nonsense?

His name had never for one moment been connected with that of Miss Masserene.

On the contrary he had done all that he could, and more than he should have done, to enable Ninon to keep faith with Richard Strong.

Was it in any sense his fault if the girl's perverse folly had ended, as he had foretold it would end, disastrously for the man who loved her?

That Ninon's heart had not been given to her cousin Dick, Brian had suspected long before Mary Hawthorn had confirmed him in that belief.

What else could account for her recklessly expressed preference for Quentin's society?

But in entrusting her happiness to his brother she had but prepared new misery for herself, or why was Quentin not in Marybridge at the time of the girl's bereavement and dangerous illness, instead of about to start on some wild expedition, heedless of the unhappiness he was leaving behind him?

Mr. Beaufoy uttered a passionately contemptuous sound, and went on with his sister's letter.

It contained an account of a ball or two, of a new ballet at the Opera, and then broke off somewhat abruptly, to be resumed three days later.

"How lucky I did not finish my letter on Monday!" began Madame Du Mottay once more.

"It was seeing it in my blotting-book, where I was looking for a lace-mender's card, that reminded me to speak of Ninon to Lady Ingram.

"She was here just now, on her way to Nice, looking younger and handsomer than ever.

"She assures me that it was waste of time to try to help our pretty cousin, as she threw away chance after chance while under her care, and is evidently not born to be lucky.

"She happened however to have heard that a friend is about to lose her old and valued companion, who is about to marry an old love who has made his fortune in New Zealand and came back to claim his sweetheart.

"Lady Ingram thinks Ninon may obtain the situation.

"She would be horribly dull; but she would be kindly treated, and have nothing to do, except to make herself agreeable to the old dame in question; and will receive fifty pounds a year.

"For doing nothing!

"I am sure I would be delighted to earn it as easily.

"Really my bills get worse and worse every year.

"I know those wretches of tradespeople are cheating me!

"If I had not the dearest, kindest of brothers to help me a little every now and then——"

Here followed a pathetic request for the loan of two or three hundred pounds, and, squeezed into a corner at the very end, the address of the lady whose companion had behaved so disgracefully.

"Lady Davenant,
"The Dower House,
"Wyenfield, Dalesshire."

Brian's gloomy face cleared as he finished the letter.

At any rate, here was a comfortable home, as good as at Ninon's acceptance.

An elderly lady living in the country? What could be more desirable in the circumstances? He walked into Marybridge that afternoon to tell Miss Hawthorn the news.

Perhaps there was a shade of disappointment in Mary's manner of receiving it; she had obstinately clung to her hope of finding another and very different solution to the problem of Ninon's future; but she assured Mr. Beaufoy nevertheless that she was sure Ninon would not hesitate for one moment to apply for the situation.

"She was beginning to despair, poor child," said Mistress Mary.

"And she is so anxious to get to work. She dreams of making a little home for Tiffany when she comes back from school. And two hundred and fifty dollars a year! That is really magnificent for a beginning! I will go and tell her you are here, Mr. Beaufoy.

"I think she is well enough to-day"—blushing ingeniously for former fibs—"to see you."

Ninon stood up at once from the letter she was writing to Tiffany when Miss Hawthorn told her what it was that her cousin had to communicate.

The color rushed to her pale face; but she did not hesitate.

"You see," she said, with her curious melancholy smile, "I am never to be free from my obligation to Mr. Beaufoy. It is he who has even found me the means of earning my bread.

"You will come too, Mary," she added, pausing at the door, as Mary did not seem disposed to follow her.

"If you wish it," Miss Hawthorn said reluctantly.

"Yes, please come, dear; Mr. Beaufoy has nothing to say to me but what you have heard."

So the two girls went down together, and for the first time since the night of poor Dick's return, Brian Beaufoy and Ninon Masserene met again.

How much had happened since then! Brian thought.

The girl had broken with the care and protection that were to have been hers for life; she had looked on death; she had herself well-nigh gone down into the awful valley, the dark shadows of which seemed still to be lingering in her heavy beautiful eyes as she raised them and let them rest for a moment on his face.

He took her cold hand without a single word.

In her mourning-gown, its dead black unrelieved by a single touch of white, and with her pretty shorn head and the ethereal delicacy of her face, Ninon was no longer the reckless brilliant young coquette who had been recalled to his recollection by his sister's letter that morning.

She was more like the girl who had submitted so quietly to his angry words under the shivering elms in the park, who had lain fainting on his breast, and who, when she awoke, had withdrawn shudderingly from the very touch of his hands.

But, no matter how changed, how sad, Ninon Masserene was—she must always be—one of the fairest woman the world had ever seen.

And, good Heaven, how unfit for the position he was there to offer her! With that beauty, with her carriage of the head, with her fine small ears and hands, was there ever a girl more clearly born to rule, and not to serve?

"Poor child! Poor child!" the young man thought; and then, even as he stood holding her hand and speaking a few conventional words, the thought flashed back upon him in some unaccountable way of what his sister had written—"One of you is responsible for the breaking of her engagement;" and he felt himself turning hot all over, as, for the first time, he asked himself whether it was indeed Quentin, or they two, who was altogether to blame, or whether his own share in the girl's misfortunes was not at least equal, so far as the result went, to his brother's.

How had it been possible for Richard Strong to hear of her flirtation with Quentin?

Ninon herself would have been forced, sooner or later, to tell her lover of her mock engagement.

Could that revelation, indeed, have been the cause of Dick's anger and sudden departure?

Brian hardly heard Miss Hawthorn speaking to him; but with an effort he recovered himself and found that she was asking him to repeat to Ninon the particulars he had already told her about the proposed situation.

"I used to know a Sir Robert Davenant," Ninon said, coloring faintly. "I wonder if it can be his wife?"

"I have not an idea, of course," answered Brian.

"Lady Ingram, Florry says, spoke of her as an old lady."

"Ah!"

The girl sighed, relieved.

"Then it is not the same, though in any case I could have written at once. Will you give me the address, Mr. Beaufoy? It is very kind of you to take all this trouble for me; but"—smiling a little—"I don't think you ever minded trouble much."

"So long as I could grumble about it afterward, and scold you a good deal, I suppose you mean?" the young man answered.

A little color stole into her face.

"No," she said gently, "I did not mean that."

And then in a few quiet words she expressed her gratitude for all that he had done for her, for his thoughtfulness during her illness.

"Tiff told me," she said.

"You have a very warm friend in little Tiff."

Brian replied almost as formally, though his eyes were fixed on the faint pretty flush against which the soft rings of her short hair looked so very dark as they clustered above her forehead, and the blue of her eyes so very blue.

"Have you good news from Florry?" she asked then.

The interview, Mary felt regretfully, was not quite successful; she longed to get out of the room, but did not know how.

"Florry was up to her eyes in gaiety as usual," Mr. Beaufoy replied. "She had seen Lady Ingram—as you know—who was looking, she declared younger and handsomer than ever."

"Oh, Katherine will never grow old!" Ninon said unsteadily.

The brought with it such a flood of recollections that she could hardly trust herself to speak.

In the days when she had met Lady Ingram how eagerly she had looked forward to the happiness that she thought somehow must by right fall to her lot! And now—what had she done with her life? "But it makes me feel very old to remember that it is three years since she walked into our flat at Avranches one summer day, like a fairy godmother with every good gift except one, in her hands."

"Except one?" said Mary.

"I am trying to think what one gift has been denied you, Ninon.

"It seems to me that you have everything that a woman can hope to possess."

"Except the power of being happy," said Ninon, with her wistful smile, "or of making others happy.

"Lady Ingram was going to Nice, you say?" she added, turning to Brian.

"Yes; and I think that is all Florry's news, except that Quentin has gone over to America in search of big game, and that the date of his return is uncertain."

The faint flush was swallowed up in the deep treacherous red that sprang into Ninon's cheeks.

It was the first time she had heard Quentin's name spoken since the night of the ball.

She felt as though every one must have known what Dick, poor fellow, had seen.

With a sinking heart Mary saw the blush on her face.

Was there indeed no foundation for her castle in the air?

Brian's face had put on its reserved look again.

"When you write to Florry," Ninon faltered,—the blush, the fall of Mary's castle had occupied but a second—"please give her my love, and thank her for having told me about Lady Davenant.

"I will write down the address. Mary, have you a pencil?"

"Yes," said Mary, with suspicious alacrity, hoping against hope; "I will bring you one in a minute."

And, before Ninon could protest, she had left the room.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FOR some moments neither Mr. Beaufoy nor Ninon spoke.

Then Brian said, in a constrained voice—

"You have resolved then to take this situation?"

"I hope, certainly, that I may succeed in obtaining it," the girl answered.

"I do not know yet what Lady Davenant may require in a companion; and my list of domestic accomplishments is not very great, I am afraid."

"I was speaking of your determination to leave home, rather than of this especial engagement."

"Home!" Ninon echoed sadly.

"Tiff and I have no home left now. You forget that."

"No," he said quickly, "I do not forget that.

"But I do not forget either that you have been very ill, that you are not equal yet to much exertion."

"Oh, I shall soon be strong again!

"And it will be no great hardship to live Lady Davenant, if all that Katherine says be true.

"It doesn't matter where I live while Tiff is at school.

"When she comes back, we don't mean to separate any more.

"We shall set up a doll's house somewhere on Tiff's fifty pounds a year, and we shall both give lessons, and come home to each other in the evening.

"Tiff is to teach music and German, and I am to teach French and singing."

In a kind of despair the young man looked at the smiling melancholy face.

"I think you might at least have let me look after Tiffany," he said bitterly. "That was agreed to."

"You are very good," Ninon replied very quietly. "But there is no necessity for it. Tiff is rich enough to pay her own schoolbills, and she prefers to be independent."

"And you?" he asked bitterly still. "It does not matter to you, of course, that you are causing me the cruelest of pains by this decision of yours!"

His breath came a little faster, but she answered as quietly as before.

"I do not understand you.

"I do not see how it can possibly affect you.

"I shall soon be as utterly gone out of your sight and out of your life as if I had died in the fever, when they thought I should."

"That is impossible," he returned curtly. "People do not pass out of each other's lives so easily as that.

"You are my cousin still.

"Your mother was my father's sister."

"Yes; but she forfeited her place in the house by her marriage.

"The Masserenes have always brought bad luck to those who live with them, I think!

"However, as to me, you need have no fear.

"I have had my day.

"I promise you never to take a situation in this neighborhood."

"Ungenerous!" he said biting his lips. "I see indeed that you do not understand me. If I thought there was any hope of our talking together for half an hour without quarrelling, I would try to explain."

"I am quite willing to listen to you," she answered. "You have a right to every consideration on my part.

"But it is only fair to tell you that nothing you can say will alter my determination to find work to do. Indeed I don't see how it should, since I must live; and to live I must earn my bread."

"Do you think," he said passionately, "that it is easy for a man to hear such words from you?"

"I am sorry you force me to say what pains you," she returned, with the same gentle coldness.

"It's however the simple truth.

"Mary has been only too good: and I feel that I have no right to keep her away from home any longer.

"The sooner I find employment the better.

"There is nothing to keep me now in Marybridge.

"And do you think the place is full of such pleasant memories for me that I should hesitate to go?"

"No," he said with a bitter smile, "I do not suppose that it is.

"And with the past to guide me, I have no reason to suppose either that you will yield the fulfilment of your caprice to any representation that I can make."

She was silent, though her lips trembled visibly.

"Is it," he went on, "impossible that you should accept Mrs. Strong's invitation, of which Miss Hawthorn has told me, and remain with her at least until Tiffany returns from school?"

The girl's face grew cold.

"It is quite impossible," she said. "You should know that, Mr. Beaufoy, as well as I."

He made up his mind the engagement with Richard Strong would never be renewed.

"You see," she added, "all that you predicted has come to pass.

"You had right on your side from the first, and I was utterly and miserably wrong.

"I am glad," he returned, with some emotion in his voice, "that you can acknowledge as much.

"Perhaps I was not always fortunate in the method I took of advising you.

"A man who is in pain should not be held responsible for words wrung from him in spite of himself.

"But you seemed to me to want a friend——"

"Yes," she interrupted, with a melancholy smile, "I wanted a friend all my life until I found Mary Hawthorn."

"I would have done all that lay in my power to help you," Mr. Beaufoy went on.

"But from the first you set yourself resolutely against me."

"Was it I, indeed, who did?" she asked, the melancholy smile trembling on her lips.

The thought had come back to her of the first meeting with Brian Beaufoy, of her curious agitation, of his dark, cold face as they walked together across the sunny sward, and she had felt like a woman in a dream.

"Have you forgotten?" he demanded quickly.

And she answered:

"No.

"Oh, how I wish I could," she said, clasping her hands. "I have forgotten nothing—nothing.

"Then," he went on, with increasing emotion, "looking at my conduct in the light of what has since happened, you will admit at least that I had some right to speak as I did."

"Have I not admitted," she said bitterly, that you were always right—intolerably right!"

"And yet from the first moment we met, almost, you were ready to accuse me of dishonorable motives!

"If you remember, when I tried to tell you that Quentin——"

"Say nothing against Quentin," the girl interrupted, almost fiercely, putting her hand out with an impetuous gesture.

"Say what you like of me, but say nothing against Quentin."

His face grew dark.

"I was merely excusing myself," he said curtly.

"It is impossible that I should do that without accusing him, unhappily."

"There is no need," she said, in a weary way.

And the transient fire was already dying out of her face.

"I have acknowledged that I have been in the wrong all this to no shameful summer.

"What more do you want? I shall be gone soon.

"And I promise, no matter what may befall me, that I will never ask you again for help."

"Ninon!" he cried.

And something in his voice softened her.

"I am not ungrateful," she said, holding out her hand to him, and raising her eyes to his.

"Only—I am most unhappy.

"And you yourself a few moments ago said that people in pain cannot always help their words.

"If I am ever to be at peace again, if I am ever to recover my lost self-respect, I must leave this place at once, where everything and everybody cry shame upon me.

"Yes, I must begin a new life elsewhere."

"It is so easy, then, to you to do so?" he asked in a low voice, as he held her hand close in his.

"There is nothing that you regret in the past?"

She did not answer; but her lip trembled.

He looked at her with a passionate desperation in his dark eyes.

She was going away, bearing with her only hateful memories of the summer in which they had met.

And, when she had really gone, there would be only those wretched memories left with him.

But what would that matter to her?

Though his house would be haunted evermore by her face, and her voice, and cruel speeches, why should she give it even a thought?

There she sat—cold, proud, pale, in her poverty and loneliness.

And he must let her go forth into the world to work—that delicate girl with her flower-like face and pale little hands, while he, a man, sat at home, doing nothing, hoping nothing, daring nothing!

The blood rose to his face.

"Ninon," he said, abruptly and tenderly, "do not go."

She shook her head softly.

"I must go," she said; "and it is best that I should go."

"No," he urged passionately, "it is not best, Ninon.

"Do not go!

"Stay"—his voice faltered—"stay and be my wife!"

She looked at him, and slowly rose to her feet.

Tall and slim, in her black gown, she stood before him, and there was passionate scorn in her pale face.

"I said I would listen to you," she said, almost in a whisper.

"I really did not think, however, that you would offer me so deadly an insult as that."

"Ninon!"

He made an impetuous gesture; but she checked him with a look.

"I must indeed be an object of the greatest compassion in your eyes," she went on, "when you can stoop so low to me in my misery!"

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"I think you know," she answered, with her head thrown back and her young face set in its haughtiest lines.

"I say, like you," he answered, hoarsely "that I have forgotten nothing."

"No, though we had agreed never to return to the past, though it is not so long since I received your assurance that you had done with me for ever."

"Ninon!" he said again; and again her look checked him.

"Oh!" she went on, icily, "I have never denied the great provocation you received, nor appealed against your final condemnation.

"But"—she drew a long breath—"nothing has changed since then in our relation to one another.

"No matter how everything else in the world has changed for me, I am still the same girl whom you pronounced to be absolutely unworthy of an honest man's belief.

"You are still the same man who declared himself rightly served for having lent himself, at a woman's entreaty, to a lie.

"Ah!"—as he would have spoken—"the fever that so nearly ended all my troubles has blotted some things, perhaps, from my memory; but do you think, if I live to be a hundred, that I am likely to forget those words?"

"They were spoken in the heat of resentment," he urged.

"No," she said, "they were the deliberate expression of your opinion; and I do not blame you for them.

"I would rather hear you speak thus than as you have just spoken, from a mistaken sense of duty or of compassion.

"Your anger, Mr. Beaufoy"—and she drew her slight figure up to its fullest height—"is far easier to endure than your pity."

"Perverse, blind!—cruel to the last!" the young man cried, his dark eyes full of misery.

"No, not blind!" she answered, with suppressed vehemence.

"I read the motive that has prompted this sacrifice of your pride, and of your principles, as clearly as though you had yourself answered it.

"But"—she turned deadly pale, and looked him straight in the face—"you are mistaken in supposing that it was on account of my mock engagement to you that Mr. Strong left me.

"It was not so.

"It was because of Quentin."

* * * * * * *

Lady Davenant did not keep Ninon long in suspense.

In answer to the girl's modest application she wrote by return, in a fine and careful old hand, to say that she had already heard of Miss Masserene from Lady Ingram, and would be very glad indeed if the young lady would come to her as soon as possible, that they might find out how they liked each other, and whether her quiet old house was likely to be too quiet for one so young and so pretty.

"For Katherine Ingram tells me that you are extremely pretty," the letter went on to say, "which let me tell you, is in itself a strong recommendation to me. I adore pretty things—and pretty girls are certainly the prettiest of all pretty things. But at the same time it is only fair to explain to you that, beyond the curate and the doctor, there is not a man within miles of us, so that you will have to content yourself with delighting my old eyes.

"For I take you to be a young lady above curates.

"And, if in addition to that you can make me a little music now and then, and look after my flowers, and read me to sleep of an evening, I think we may look upon the matter as settled.

"But, as I said before, come and see me. My dear old goose of a Marion is away on her honeymoon.

"She did not know when she was well off.

"I am quite by myself, except for my maid, who, though devoted, is not amusing.

"Your rooms shall be made ready at once, and you must send me word when to expect you, as we are a good many miles from the station."

"Well," Ninon said, laughing a little as she finished reading the letter aloud to Miss Hawthorn, "she seems very kind. There is nothing very alarming in my prospects, is there? I must write and tell Tiff. She will be so glad, poor child. And I suppose I had better answer her quaint old ladyship at once.

"What day shall I say Mary?"

Mary sighed.

Somehow she had never believed that it would come to this.

But there could no longer be any doubt about it.

Mr. Beaufoy had left Marybridge on the day after his interview with Ninon. The Priory was empty again.

Ninon had already begun to compose her reply.

She did not notice Mary's doleful little face.

Not a word had passed between the two girls as to the subject of Ninon's last conversation with Brian.

Miss Hawthorn had found her seated quietly at her work after he had gone away and she had begun at once to talk of the situation of which he had told her.

It was impossible to guess from her pale impassive face what had passed between the cousins.

But what Ninon would not confess Mr. Beaufoy's sudden departure proved beyond a doubt, in Mary's opinion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

HEREWARD finds breakfast laid in the library when he comes down the next morning.

The heavy curtains are drawn back from the large window which occupies the whole of the upper end of the room, and the wide snowy landscape which looks like a picture framed in the dark-green folds.

The Doctor occupies the rug with the morning paper in his hand.

But Hereward is a long time finding out things which a girl in his position would have mastered in a few hours.

Nobody tells him anything, and he will not ask.

Hereward does not trouble his head about any one's affairs but his own.

He stands in the window looking out, while they wait—he knows not for what or whom.

The Doctor holds the newspaper spread aloft in his fat hands and scans its columns for whatever items may possess for him the most interest.

A great many letters lie on the breakfast-table, but not one among them bears Hereward's name.

His correspondence is not large.

He stands in the window in his favorite attitude, a not too pleasing expression on his dark face.

The ice is being broken again on the lake for the swans, and the water beneath shows inky black through the apertures.

The snow is thawing slightly under the rays of the sun, and drips from the heavily-laden cedar outside the window.

A peacock stands close to the glass, waiting for his breakfast perhaps.

The tufted brown woods, with their lace-like entanglement of bare branches rising against the sky, look almost warm, transfigured by the sunshine.

The ice throws back the light from its steely surface as dazzlingly as the water itself.

The snow glitters like silver on the bays and laurels and Chili pines scattered about the lawn.

"I wish these good people would come down.

"I am as hungry as a hound!" exclaims the Doctor at last, giving the fire a vigorous poke, which sends a shower of sparks up into the chimney.

The wood fires at Kingscourt are splendid—wood is one of the few useful things of which there is still plenty lying about the yard.

Hereward is very hungry too, but is not sociable enough to make the admission.

But the entrance of Lord Heriot at this moment renders an answer unnecessary.

The Viscount looks older by daylight; there are lines on his smooth face which show that it is not altogether that of a boy—the Peerage gives his age as three-and-twenty.

He wears a suit of brown this morning—he affects brown clothing—and a fox's tooth as breast-pin.

No sign of a thaw!" he exclaims, rather crossly, taking up a position in front of the fire.

"The horses will eat their heads off. I do hate snow."

Two ladies enter the room while he is speaking, and Hereward frowns at this unexpected and undesired addition to the party.

The first who enters is a tall slim girl of perhaps two-and-twenty, the second is Fraulein Shauffenhoff.

The girl is dressed in a gown of dark-blue serge, and wears a great bunch of violets in her belt.

Her hair curls closely over her head, and down almost to the faint eyebrows, which lie almost in a straight line above her large, cold blue eyes.

The slightly aquiline nose, the small mouth with its haughty curve, are identical with those of the Gainsborough in the next room.

Hereward, glancing at her from his retreat in the window, recognises in a moment his apparition of the night before.

Breakfast lasts an intolerably long time, Hereward thinks, accustomed to scratch meals at College.

Beyond the first chilly bow when she first came into the room, Lady Gladys takes no notice of him whatever—ignores him altogether.

Her brother's tutor is a person of small significance in her eyes.

She is for the most part occupied with her letters.

She does not talk, nor does Lord Heriot, much; but the German governess and the Doctor more than make up for any silence on their part.

Perhaps they think it incumbent upon them to keep up the conversation.

The Fraulein presides at the urn, and the Doctor carves the cold sirloin in a vigorous manner.

Hereward finds himself called upon to do nothing but eat his breakfast, which he does.

"What beastly weather!" Lord Heriot remarks.

"By the way, I've asked Cartwright over to luncheon.

"I told him we would try the ice on the lake to-day.

"I suppose it will bear?"

"I should think so.

"It looks substantial enough when they have broken it.

"It looks as slippery as glass too."

"So much the better.

"I wonder if the fellow can skate.

"He thinks he can do everything under the sun.

"Do you skate?"—Lord Heriot turns to Hereward.

"I have not had a skate on since I was in Russia."

"Have you been in Russia, Mr. Hereward?" ask the Fraulein.

"Yes, on engineering business, two years ago."

"How nice!

"Did you not enjoy it?"

"I liked the skating." Hereward answers coldly.

He is not grateful for the Fraulein's endeavors to make herself agreeable.

"Doctor, have you seen the new keeper yet?" Lord Heriot asks.

"I have not had time to speak to Grant about him.

"He is up to his work, I suppose?"

"Grant seems to think so.

"I don't much like his looks, myself. A knowing, smooth-spoken fellow, he seems to me.

"But he may be a good gamekeeper notwithstanding, and that is the chief consideration."

"What is his name?

"I forget."

"North—Robert North."

"I hope he'll keep those poaching rascals out of the woods.

"There's not a bit of fur or feather left on the place.

"I believe there is a lot of those fellows about.

"Purcell tells me they often hear shots in the plantations, especially down near the Mill Nook.

"I hope Grant told him to keep a special lookout for them there?"

"I shall remind him to do so.

"Grant will leave most of the work to him, I dare say; he's getting very shaky, poor fellow.

"It's about as much as he's able to manage to carry his gun."

"Let him keep to the dog training, then.

"That brace of setters wants more breaking down than they have got.

"I was ashamed of them when Blount was here the other day."

"I think there is no fear of the plantations about the Mill Nook being left to the poachers, for I hear that North is sweet on Anne Grace Trathaway."

"Little Anne Grace!"

"She's not little now.

"Haven't you seen her since you came back?

"Why, she has grown into a fine-looking young woman.

"The old miller is as proud of her as possible, and snubs North, who is not half good enough for her, in his estimation.

"But I fancy Anne Grace is a girl who will manage to fight her own battles without any one's help.

"But talking of the mill, Trathaway tells me the roof is in a bad way, and the upper story going to ruin.

"You must manage to get down there some day, and see about it."

"Not I."

Lord Heriot shrugs his shoulders.

"When I do get into a saddle again, it will be to follow at the tail of the hounds. You must see to it yourself; though I do not know where the money is to come from for repairs.

"My father wants to cut down timber, but I shall never agree to that."

Lady Gladys rises from the table, and goes to the window.

The peacock, waiting patiently, stalks up and down the terrace.

Lady Gladys, with a piece of bread in her hand, attempts to open the window, and Hereward, who happens to see the attempt, performs the office for her with tactarian politeness.

She gives him one cold look of her blue eyes, as she crumbles the bread for her stately pet.

Hereward watches her, sees the sunshine among her soft light curls, lighting up one side of her haughty face just as the picture is lighted.

The picture photographs itself in some strange way upon his brain.

And whenever the perfume of violets greets his senses, that cold dazzling picture will rise before him evermore.

From eleven o'clock until the luncheon-bell rings, Lord Heriot resigns himself into Hereward's hands.

Hereward finds him a terribly dumb pupil.

So far as book-learning is concerned, his mind is virgin.

Hereward, sitting opposite to him at the long oak table in the library, works hard at his own books, undisturbed by his ever recurring yawns. He helps him, he makes it all plain to him as it can be made; he explains as he would to a child; but the Viscount makes very little progress.

Whoever had his early education in hand must have neglected it horribly, Hereward thinks.

Dragging him through Euclid now is wearing work to them both.

The expected guest puts in an appearance at luncheon.

When Lord Heriot and Hereward betake themselves to the little dining-room they find him seated by Lady Gladys.

He is a large, bulky man, with a fat white face, short whiskers, and a mouth which looks like a slit cut carelessly from ear to ear than anything else.

He acknowledges Lord Heriot's introduction by a slight inclination of his red hair, and their eyes meet for an instant, Cartwright's red and angry, Hereward's dark and scornful.

Both remember the day when Hereward had fought him in the quadrangle at College, ostensibly because Cartwright had offered him some cowardly insult.

Nothing short of a broken nose had taught Cartwright the wisdom of letting the young sizar alone.

He still carries the broken nose.

It is a very small nose, and for that reason it does not show the breakage badly, but still it is broken.

Hereward glances at his handiwork with a kind of grim satisfaction.

No perversion warns him that the mutilated feature will yet cost him dearer than it has already.

Mr. Cartwright makes himself very agreeable to Lady Gladys, according to his ideas.

He tells her how much he paid for his new hunter, how many thousands for the planting of those young trees on the Kingscourt side of his estate.

He talks of shooting pheasants in December at the cost of half-a-guinea each, and of his yacht, the *Darling*.

He calls her *Darling*.

Lady Gladys listens with some show of interest, and Hereward despises her for so listening.

The Honorable Edward Palliser, who is present, does not behave with equal politeness.

When Mr. Cartwright facetiously pulls his long curls he pulls them out of his hand almost rudely.

He is a fine bold-faced little boy of five or six, with hair cut straight across his forehead.

He occupies a high chair between Fraulein and his sister.

They betake themselves to the lake after luncheon, Hereward declining to accompany them, though Lord Heriot presses him to do so, and returning to library and his books.

But half an hour's "grind" brings on a lazy fit, and he pushes his books aside and watches the skaters on the lake.

He can see them quite plainly, for they have chosen a place right near the terrace-steps.

The sunshine still lies golden on the brown woods, on the snowy lawns, on the spell-bound water.

Lady Gladys wears a dress of black velvet, trimmed with light-colored fur, and a fur cap.

The sharp fresh air and exercise have brightened her cheeks; she looks radiant.

Cartwright is a clumsy skater, but Lord Heriot skims over the ice like a bird.

Lady Gladys skates as well as he does, but she does not seem to care about it today.

She very often assumes the part of a spectator.

Cartwright stays much in her vicinity, and talks to her a good deal.

Hereward wonders what they are talking about.

He can hear their voices, but cannot distinguish their words.

But he thinks he can guess the purport of Cartwright's speeches.

No doubt he thinks the daughter of a hundred Earls is one to be desired.

And Lady Gladys?

Is she in love with thirty thousand a year?

For it cannot be that she likes this man, with great white face, his red whiskers, his thick voice.

But she will marry him.

And it is just like a woman, Hereward thinks, with bitterness.

For has not a woman thrown him over for fewer hundreds than Cartwright has thousands?

Did not Nettie Blount promise to love him for ever and ever, and did she not go and break her promise before the year was out.

He thinks of that letter which she wrote to him—for she was too great a coward to speak to him face to face—and pities himself with a great pity.

He thinks of the last time he saw her, when they parted as lovers, when she had made him promise to write to her next day, and to wear a locket which she had given him next his heart.

He had kept his promises faithfully and honestly, writing those letters between lectures, or when he ought to have been asleep, and had worked harder than any other fellow at College, for her sake, and all the time she had been playing him false.

Poor boy—poor fool!

But it is all over now, Hereward thinks, with a stern smile.

The dead might as easily be raised from their graves, alive and well, as his old love recall the heart she had whistled down the wind.

It is a year since he had seen her, and for most of that time he had been nursing his love into greater strength than it knew while it still had hope to feed upon.

But now he has determined to put it down with a high hand—to trample it under foot—to bury it out of sight.

He has determined to do this, and he does not find it so very difficult to accomplish as he imagined it would be.

The pain has even a thrill that is not all pain in it, a kind of martyr's sensation not altogether unpleasant.

So Hereward muses, with his elbows on the table.

Lady Gladys has taken off her skates, or allowed Cartwright to take them off, and he has followed her example.

They are walking up and down the terrace in the snow, and he is talking eagerly. The little Russian terrier follows them under protest.

Hereward finds himself wondering whether Cartwright is hard hit.

Lady Gladys looks like a person who could hit very hard if she chose.

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE or six days pass in this way, dull days enough, on the whole, for Hereward. He does not "interview" the Countess again.

She finds herself a great sufferer from the weather, and never leaves her suite of rooms except for dinner; and the great dining-room is warmed by furnace-fires all day long to get it up to the proper temperature for her reception.

Hereward sees Lady Gladys daily—at breakfast generally, but always at luncheon. She has never yet addressed to him a single word.

The thought does not trouble him.

Her pride is yet no mate for his.

And he looks at her just as he looked at the Gainsborough portrait in the little dining-room, with just as much idea of the possibility of falling in love with the one as the other.

But there is to him a strange charm in these dull days. He does not wish for any change, he does not wish them other than they are. The mornings in the dim old library reading with Lord Heriot, even though the Viscount is dull of comprehension, are pleasant to him; so also are the evenings there, though he spends them for the most part alone. Heavy snowstorms keep the household indoors all week; but he and Lord Heriot amuse themselves with tennis in a covered court, or lounge over a game at billiards, or smoke among the horses and dogs in stable and kennel.

Lord Heriot likes his young "grinder," and, even if he had not liked him, is too much of a gentleman himself to treat him otherwise than as a gentleman.

And Hereward returns the liking after a fashion.

He sees the faults in the Viscount's character—and they are many—but he magnifies his few good qualities so as almost to condone the faults.

Standish Cartwright comes over to Kingscourt very frequently during these snowy days.

His presence in the house is obnoxious to Hereward, as the presence of any unpleasant thing—a toad in the room, for instance—might be.

But he seldom encounters him; for when he dines, as he often does, at Kingscourt, it is not at five o'clock in the little dining-roouf, but at eight, with the Countess.

Hereward does not pine to be present at these state dinners, and he is as happy out of them.

They are intolerably dull, far duller than those he eats in company with the Fraulein and the little Doctor.

He will be formally asked to dine with the Countess some day, so Blount informed him; she invites the Doctor and the German lady to dine with her occasionally; but Hereward hopes she will forget to pay him this compliment.

He does not desire to watch the progress of Standish Cartwright's courtship.

Nevertheless he often wonders what progress he has made.

Christmas is near at hand, when one morning at breakfast little Evie, who has slipped out of her nurse's hands and made his way down-stairs, announces with mischievous dimples that he knows a secret.

"What is it? Do tell me?" Lord Heriot laughs pleadingly.

"It is a secret—a nice one.

"Guess."

"Miss Middleton is coming."

"Yes.

"How did you know?" cries the little fellow, chagrined.

"I guessed.

"Are you glad?"

"Oh, yes! I love her!" Evie asserts gravely.

Lord Heriot laughs.

"So do I, Evie; but I won't try to cut you out.

"We might be obliged to fight, you know, in that case."

"With swords or guns?"

"Whichever you liked best. When is Miss Middleton coming, Gladys?"

"To-morrow.

"I had a letter from her this morning."

"I'm glad she is coming," Lord Heriot remarks, pulling his brother's long hair.

"We want something to amuse us in this horrible weather, and Bab Middleton is safe to do that.

"We are all in love with Miss Middleton in this house, Hereward," he adds, laughing.

"I wonder how long you will hold out against her fascinations?"

"That I shall surrender in the end is a foregone conclusion?"

"Without the shadow of a doubt."

For the first time since he has come to Kingscourt Lady Gladys turns to look at Hereward of her own accord.

But why she looks at him cannot be known.

For an instant the blue eyes meet the brown ones; and then Hereward laughs.

"I have no present intention of surrendering, at all events," he says; "but I do not pretend to answer for myself in the future. I have been warned about Miss Middleton before now."

"Dick Blount, for a thousand!" cries Lord Heriot delightedly.

"Dick was badly hit.

"Did he tell you that?"

"I suspected it," Hereward answers, not very much suprised.

"Did he deny it, the rascal?"

"He certainly denied it; but I suppose he thought he was not called upon to publish the fact merely because I asked him?"

"Poor Dick!

"I really do think she treated him very badly."

"You must not malign my friend," Lady Gladys remarks, smiling.

"Was he really and truly in love with her?" Hereward asks.

He is thinking how good-naturedly Blount tried to heal his wound while his own heart was perhaps aching with a sterner pang.

"Oh, absolutely gone!

"You never saw a fellow so gone in your life!

"I used to quiz him unmercifully.

"I wanted him to come here for Christmas, but he won't.

"It would be royal fun to see them together."

"I don't think so," Hereward answers, frowning.

"I think it is scarcely less cruel sport than the fights between men and wild beasts in the Colosseum, or the bull-fights in Madrid, or any other bloodthirsty amusement of the kind."

"Oh, come now!" Lord Heriot exclaims, "I don't believe in that kind of thing, you know.

"I assure you Blount enjoyed it all the time."

"If he did," Hereward returns quietly, "I doubt his being so very far gone as you imagine."

"What a tragic fellow you are, Hereward! You are so desperately in earnest always. Somebody ought to warn Bab Middleton not to trifle with you."

"I think so."

Hereward speaks drily, and for the second time Lady Gladys looks at him.

This time she does not meet his eyes, and so takes a comprehensive glance at his thin dark face, at his fine head, and at the haughty carriage of that head too, perhaps.

But she does not think it will be necessary to warn her friend not to trifle with this young man.

Her friend is very well able to take care of herself, Lady Gladys thinks, and turns away to caress her Russian terrier.

Hereward is sorry that Blount has seen fit to decline the invitation to Kingscourt.

It would have been pleasant to him to have had his friend here during the Christmas holidays.

For it has been decided that he himself is to remain at Kingscourt for Christmas, as Lord Heriot's exceeding slow progress shows that he has very little time to lose, and that his holidays must be of the shortest.

And Hereward is content to stay, having nowhere else to go, unless he returned to College, and startled the old porters and bed-makers there by such an unprecedented occurrence as a student's spending Christmas under its roof.

Since he has tacitly shut himself out at Lancing, and from intercourse with its inmates, he has but few friends whose company he would in such a case prefer to his own.

Miss Middleton arrives on the following evening.

Hereward, from his undisturbed retreat in the library, hears her advent, hears the shrill exclamations with which Evie greets her, rushing to meet her in the great hall, hears Lady Gladys call her "dear" and sympathize with her because of the snowflakes that have fallen upon her in her transit from the carriage to the hall-door.

He hears the newcomer laugh, a merry laugh which somehow makes him think of Blount.

It is about five o'clock when she arrives, and very soon afterwards Hereward and his party sit down to dinner—at the very moment indeed that Miss Middleton is allowing her maid to divest her of her travelling wraps, and Lady Gladys is sending down stairs for tea.

They are old friends, these two, and they have a great deal to talk about, standing on the rug in Miss Middleton's room, while her maid unpacks her dinner-dress.

They get on very well together, and yet they are not in any way alike.

Perhaps it is this very contrast which makes them agree so well.

Their likes and dislikes are too wide apart to jar upon each other.

In appearance too they are very different. There is not a vestige of color at any time in Miss Middleton's cheeks.

Her hair is black, drawn smoothly away behind her ears and rolled loosely in two heavy coils round a comb at the back of her head.

She has rather heavily arched black eyebrows, and a pair of very fine dark eyes; she has also a very short nose and a rather long upper lip.

But her face is a fascinating one nevertheless.

She is a little thing, but she carries herself well, and wears particularly long dresses and very high-heeled shoes.

She stands on the rug now in her heavy dress of iron-gray homespun faced with black velvet, and though she has one foot on the fender, and the firelight falls upon her face, there is no flush from frost or fire upon her pale cheeks.

Nothing changes her complexion, nor does anything ever seem to ruffle the smooth black masses of her hair.

Evie holds one of her hands in both his, and swings to and fro, on the rug, contented, though unnoticed—pretty Evie, with his black velvet tunic and white frills and long black silk stockings.

Lady Gladys stands opposite, talking and listening, but more of the latter than the former; and even their tea, waiting on the little table close at hand, is forgotten in the absorbing questions as to who is in town and who is out of it, where the Woodleigh Pallisers have gone, whether it is true or not that Lady Blanche Somers is going to be married again, and if the Grant-Leslies have really gone to winter in Rome.

"How delicious this blaze is!" Miss Middleton exclaims, warming her small hands, when she and Lady Gladys have exhausted all the more immediate topics of the day.

"It does one good to see it, after such a journey as I have had, through the snow.

"And master Evie!

"I haven't spoken to you yet, have I? Are you glad to see me?

"Yes.

"That's right.

"And how is Vere?"

"He's very well.

"I'll tell him you called him that!"

"Oh, please don't!

"If you do, I sha'n't let you so much as see all the *dragees* and *bon-bons* I have got in my big black box!

"And how about Mr. Blount, Gladys? Have you seen him since Michaelmas?"

"No, we have not seen him since then.

"Vere wanted him to come here for Christmas."

"And he wouldn't!

"Disagreeable wretch!

"Well, we shall do without him, though I don't fancy wasting my fragrance on the desert air—never did.

"I wish I hadn't used him up so fast, it would have been wiser, perhaps.

"But he is such a goose!

"I saw his sister in town the other day. They have come back from their honeymoon, you know.

"Insipid-looking little thing—no manner. She has given out that Charlie Cavendish carried her off from a host of suitors, but I don't believe it.

"She doesn't look like it, though those quiet sly girls are often terrible flirts, I allow.

"Dear old Kingscourt, how jolly it is to be here again!

"The amber silk, Jennings, and my point-lace ruffles.

"The key of my dressing-box?

"I'm sure I don't know where it is.

"Look for it, Evie, like a darling.

"You'll probably find it in my jacket-pocket.

"And now tell me, Gladys, what are we going to do to amuse ourselves?

"I'm up to any mischief, as usual.

"We must enjoy these Christmas holidays, in spite of the snow."

CHAPTER V.

ON the day following being the day before Christmas Eve, Hereward is invited to dine with the Countess.

The Doctor and the German lady are also invited, as he discovers by the non-appearance of dinner paraphernalia in the little dining-room when he passes through it on his return from a walk through the snow, at about four o'clock.

He is not very much excited by the prospect of this state dinner.

He sits with his book over the library fire till the twilight puts a stop to his reading, and then he remains with the closed volume on his knee, and stares into the red-hot coals.

There is a pleasant odor of burning wood in the room, the firelight dances on the long rows of books, on the heavy folds of the curtains sweeping from gilt cornice to floor, on the tiger skin with its glass eyes which does duty for a rug.

Hereward does not feel lonely at Kingscourt, yet he is a good deal alone.

He works as hard as ever at his own studies, for he has kept to his resolution, of not allowing any vain regret to spoil the purpose of his life.

He is not going to throw up the sponge to fate—just yet!

He has not seen the famous Miss Middleton up to this date.

She breakfasted in Lady Gladys's morning room, she and Lady Gladys together.

Her journey had made her head ache—not much, but enough to form an excuse for a tete-a-tete breakfast with her friend. He has heard her voice, however.

It is not like Lady Gladys's voice, or that of the Countess; it is louder and merrier, and has a whole-hearted ring in it good to hear.

She played Badminton all the afternoon—notwithstanding her headache—with Evie and Lord Heriot in the long corridor at the back of the hall.

But Mr. Cartwright's arrival at three o'clock had put an end to the game.

He never plays Badminton, and he is right.

His figure is too elephantine to appear to advantage in conjunction with rattle and shuttlecock.

Hereward, sitting alone in the dim old library, feels just a little desolate this evening, he hardly knows why.

But probably because he cannot help thinking of this very day last year, when he had first spoken of love to Nettie Blount, when he had for the first time in his life spoken of love at all.

He remembers so well the old dining-room at the parsonage where he and Nettie had spent so many hours together decorating the Christmas-tree for the school-children. He remembers the very odor of the little red and white and blue wax candles he affixed to the branches of the fir at the cost of so many pin-pricks, he remembers how she flirted with him—for she did flirt with him.

It is proof that the glamour is clearing away from his mental vision to find him allowing so much as that she did flirt with him most outrageously.

He tells himself now that he might never have made such a fool of himself if she had let him alone.

The most desperate lover will come to that conclusion sooner or later.

The dressing-bell finds him still immersed in reverie, and it is not very willingly that he so far conforms himself to sublunary things as to go up-stairs and don the sombre swallow-tail coat and white tie which his soul abhors, and in which he looks remarkably well, nevertheless.

He delays so long—not from nervousness most assuredly—that he is only just in time to take the lady allotted to him in to dinner.

She is no other than Lady Gladys Palliser. The little Doctor has the honor of giving his arm to the Countess, Lord Heriot is assigned to Miss Middleton; and Lady Gladys touches Hereward's sleeve with the tip of her white glove, and walks beside him across the great hall, with a very straight neck.

There is a glare of light in the dining-room which for a moment almost dazzles him, firelight and waxlight, and glittering reflections from glass and silver and shining damask.

Fruit and cut flowers adorn the table in frosty epergnes, purple grapes and dull red chrysanthemums glowing among the silver fern-leaves. Miss Middleton sits opposite on Lord Heriot's right hand, her cheeks as pale, her hair as smooth as if she had not played Badminton all the afternoon. She wears a straw-colored silk, with point lace ruffles round the open corsage and loose hanging sleeves—none of the ladies are in full evening dress. Hereward meets the glance of those laughing dark eyes very often, though she is speaking to Lord Heriot all the time. He never meets it without thinking of his friend; but Miss Middleton does not know that.

Lady Gladys Hereward cannot see, without turning his head, and he does not turn his head.

She appears to be occupied in listening to some remarks the Countess addresses to Doctor Jones from time to time—remarks about Christmas doles of flannel and beef and coal to be distributed among the poorer tenants on the estate.

Lord Heriot draws Hereward into conversation as much as he can, Miss Middleton listening when he speaks with an interest which ought to have flattered him, which would have flattered him perhaps had he not thought of Blount.

If the dinners in the little dining-room appeared long, dinner to-night seems interminable.

But at last Hereward has the pleasure of holding the door open for the ladies.

If Miss Middleton pays toll with a laughing flash of her dark eyes, it is apparently thrown away upon the tall, broad-shouldered morose figure who stands so gravely with the door in his hand to let her pass.

The drawing-room at Kingscourt is a dreamy room, curtained with velvet, crowded with velvet-covered chairs of every possible size and pattern, hung with pictures warm with the dusky splendor of sun-set, lighted softly by wax-lights in girandoles.

An Erard standing in the middle of the floor has also wax-lights burning on either side of the desk.

The ruby velvet glows in the candle and fire-light with a warm, rich tint, giving the room a deliciously comfortable look; the carpet is of the same dusky wine-color, only showing crimson in the high lights.

There is an ottoman near the piano, and here Miss Middleton takes up her position, Evie beside her, while Lady Gladys plays softly, or falls into musing with her fingers on the keys.

She would make a study for a painter as she sits there.

The beautiful haughty face, the nimbus of gold-colored hair, the dress of black velvet, square-cut, with wide sleeves showing the beautiful white arms, a collar of pearls round the white throat, one translucent milky sphere in each ear.

The soft light falls so picturesquely just now, on her face, on the rich folds of her sweeping dress, on every separate pearl!

Miss Middleton watches her while she plays with Evie.

"You are very silent to-night, Gladys."

"Am I?" Lady Gladys answers, beginning to play again.

"Yes.

"Tell me what you are thinking about. Nettlewood?"

"Perhaps."

"I don't believe it.

"Gladys, I have made a discovery."

"You have!

"What is it, if I may know?"

"Don't you remember my telling you that Nettie Cavendish said she had a host of admirers?"

"Yes.

"I fancy you said something of the kind. What then?"

"There was one in particular whom she used to talk about very sentimentally, pitying him, you know, and all that."

"Yes?" Lady Gladys is playing softly, not much interested.

"Well, his name was Hereward. And he was a friend of her brother's.

"And is not Hereward the name of your brother's tutor?"

"Yes, I think so.

"Something like it, at all events."

"Then they are one and the same person!"

"And that is your discovery?" Lady Gladys says disdainfully.

"That is my discovery.

"I think it is quite romantic.

"I feel quite smitten with him already; it is so very interesting to have been crossed in love!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

ETCHING ON GLASS.—Etching on glass is performed by laying on the glass a ground of beeswax, and drawing the design thereon with a needle, as in etching upon copper. Sulphuric acid is then poured on, and fluor spar sprinkled on it. After four or five hours it is taken off, and the work cleaned with oil of turpentine.

LIQUID SHOE-BLACKING.—Dissolve in half a pint of soft water three-eighths of an ounce of potassium bichromate, and add six ounces of logwood extract dissolved in one gallon of warm water. Dissolve in one gallon of water by continued boiling six ounces of borax and one and a half ounces of shellac. Mix all together while warm, and add three ounces of aqua ammonia. Apply the preparation with a brush.

PRESERVING MEAT.—A method of preserving meat by causing the heart of the animal to pump boric acid into the tissues, has been recently patented. A sheep, for instance, is stunned by a blow, and, blood being withdrawn from the left jugular vein, a strong solution of boric acid kept at blood heat is injected. In a few minutes the heart of the still living animal has pumped the antiseptic fluid into all parts of the body, and the sheep is then killed in the ordinary way. The cost is said to be about ten cents a sheep, and the meat will keep for five or six weeks in summer.

SPINNING METALS.—The interesting operation of "spinning" metals, as it is termed, is now being successfully employed as a substitute for the old and familiar way of manufacturing vessels of copper and zinc by hammer, rivets, and soldering-iron. A circular piece of sheet copper of ordinary thickness is placed on the lathe, and in a twinkling is spun into the shape of a kettle, without a break or weakening of a single fibre of the material. There are no jointures, the kettle being formed entirely from the original copper sheet. The kettle-breasts, sides, and a strengthening portion for the spout, are formed of one piece of sheet copper metal and double-seamed to the pit, so that the seams are under the side of the kettle, and form a strengthening rib upon which it rests when on the stove.

Farm and Garden.

GARGET.—A writer says that he has never failed to cure garget by the use of beans. He feeds one pint of bean meal, mixed with other meal, for four successive days, and has found that quantity sufficient to cure the worst cases. He thinks if cows were fed with bean meal several times a year, they would never be troubled with garget.

PLANT-GROWING.—The more freely a plant is growing the more water will it require; and the more it grows the more sun and light will it need. In all cases those which seem to grow the fastest should be placed nearest the light. The position for room plants is the southeast. They seem like animals in their affection for the morning sun.

THE VINE.—A French chemist claims to have discovered a method overcoming the danger threatening vineyards from the ravages of the phylloxera. His process is to inoculate the vines with the phenol poison. The phylloxera do not attack plants thus treated, and are extirpated for want of food. The vines are in no way injured by the inoculating process.

WEEDS.—Farm and Garden says that the easiest and quickest way to destroy the weeds that generally start about the time when potatoes are up, so that the rows can be seen plainly, is by a thorough use of a harrow or drag. He places great emphasis upon this, and deems it far more effective than the cultivator and hoe, and the expense is much less.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1888.

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THE WAY OF LIFE.

Not only nature and society, but even the conditions and opportunities of life respond to the spirit with which we receive them. Poverty will discourage and break down one man, while in another it will build up self-reliance, industry, and firmness of will.

To one success and wealth will prove untold opportunities of good; to another they bring temptation, feebleness, and ruin. For one a strong temptation only confirms his integrity; for another it proves defeat and disgrace. Amusement is a healthful and refreshing tonic to one, a subtle and enervating poison to another.

If this be truly so, if life is a mirror reflecting with tolerable fairness our mental and moral features, or a structure of which we ourselves are the chief architects, it is quite clear that the complainer must lose all claim to the sympathy he craves. In truth, he is by his murmurs confessing his own weakness of will, of poverty of mind, or moral deficiencies. He is taking the outward conditions of life and working them up with his own moods, qualities, and feelings. If the result displeases him, he should seek for the hidden cause in humility and penitence. When complaints come to be fully recognized as confessions, they will be neither so loud nor so numerous as they are at present.

What we call good sense in the conduct of life, consists chiefly in that temper of mind which enables its possessor to view at all times with perfect coolness and accuracy all the various circumstances of his situation, so that each of them may produce its due impression upon him without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits.

But to a man of ill-regulated imagination external circumstances only serve as hints to excite his own thought, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives himself to be placed; in consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearance of folly.

To see ourselves as others see us is a gain; but to see things as they are is almost a greater. Only we ought not to forget that seeing alone is not enough. There must be doing as well; and to know that the cart sticks, is not of much use unless we put our shoulder to the wheel to lift it out again on to the solid road.

In all things diligence, in all things energy, in all things patience, in all that kind of common sense which accepts the truth as it is, makes the best of the bad, and gives its strength to the reparation of misfortunes and the recovery of lost ground everywhere.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Lancet condemns the new article of female attire called the "crinolette." It is an impediment to walking, produces an uneven bodily temperature, adds another to the many burdens borne by the waist, and bids fair to compete with crinoline in encouraging a prevalence of deaths from fire.

—

THE fashion of eunuchs is declining in Constantinople. This is in partly owing to the act of Abdul Aziz in abrogating the cruel law by which none of the male children born of Sultans were allowed to survive after their birth, and no Princess to have sons that might become possible pretenders to the throne.

—

THE tallest electric mast in the country has been erected in Minneapolis, Minn. It is surmounted with eight lights, each with 4,000 candle-power. It lights up the most dangerous portion of the city, and anywhere within a radius of one mile diffuses light enough to enable one to tell the time at night by his watch.

—

A WESTERN paper harshly discusses the claims of women to entrance into first-class colleges on the ground that they are unfit for real college work. "Where," it asks, "is the woman who can pull a creditable oar in a college boat race? Where is the woman who has ever attained any skill as a base-ball pitcher? What women have ever attracted attention and won praise by their excellence as foot-ball players? Are there any women who would prove efficient in a college 'rush' or could stand 'hazing' with cheerfulness and fortitude?"

—

A VIENNA professor is devising electrically-lighted instruments for illuminating the throat, nasal passages, and other internal parts of the system. Having been obliged recently to make an incision in a cavity of the liver of a person suffering from cyst, he lighted up its interior surface with one of his instruments, and obtained a clear view of its condition.

—

AFTER a long consideration of means for stopping a ship suddenly when emergency requires, a German has adopted the principle of a recoil of a gun as the only feasible basis for experiment. He proposes to fasten on the front of the ship an immense cannon charged with some powerful explosives and ready to be fired by electricity at a moment's notice. He supposes that the recoil would exactly counterbalance the momentum of the ship, the armament, of course, being proportioned to the tonnage.

—

IT is a matter of common observation that many Jewish families scattered throughout the United States are wholly unable to obtain for their children an education which shall not only secure for them that culture necessary for the requirements of the highest and best society, but which shall also be accompanied with a suitable Jewish training. The necessity for such an institution is at once evident, and steps are to be immediately taken to supply it by some of the more prominent Hebrews of the country.

—

A CLEVER French physician has, so it is said, invented a natural handle for dogs. Parisian ladies are wild about dogs, which, when out walking, are led by a string and picked up at each crossing to be carried safely over. When shaggy, long-haired pets were in fashion they were lifted by the hair. Now, however, smooth pugs are the favorites, and of course they have no hair to be lifted by. So this ingenious doctor cuts the end from a dog's tail, makes an incision in the animal's back, sticks in the tail-tip, and when it heals, there is a handle all ready for use.

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THE sand-bag artist is the terror of Chicago at present, and a newspaper of that city presents the following figures to comfort the people: "There are in Chicago at the present time about 275,000 male persons. Of these 140,000 are of sand-bag age. Of this 140,000 sand-bag contingent 70,000 individuals are of a timid nature, and do not go out after dark. There remain, therefore, 70,000 adult males liable to be sand-bagged any night. But the newspaper returns show that no more than ten are sand-bagged upon any one night—or ten in a week. This amounts to 3,500 a year. It will take, therefore, twenty years before every man will get his turn. Any man who cannot take comfort from these figures should move out of the city."

—

PROFESSOR BELL announced several years ago that the retina of the eye retained the last impressions made on it previous to death, and recommended that in cases of murder the victim's eyes be promptly examined with a powerful glass, or photographed by the use of strong lenses, by which means he thought a picture of the murderer might frequently be obtained. Another physician has just finished a series of experiments, in which he examined over a thousand eyes of animals and persons, but failed to find a single impression on them that could be constructed into the form of the last object beheld. The nearest approach was by photographing the eye of a rabbit that had been paralyzed by atrophine, but was too imperfect to be of any use whatever.

—

CLARA BELL, an inventive correspondent produced by the forcing process of American journalism, manages by dint of an unscrupulous imagination and a very daring pen to get off something new every week. This is its latest: "A giddy friend of mine has had her smile photographed. She got the idea from those pictures which, in a progressive series, showed the gait of a trotting-horse; but the rise, progress and fall of her grin exhibits none of the surprising outlandishness that is to be seen in the stepping of the horse. It is pretty all the way through, and well she knew it, or she wouldn't have given the camera a show. She is not an actress who did it to exhibit her skill in grimacing, but a society belle, vain of her lovely and expressive face, and anxious to put its most charming aspect into an imperishable form."

—

THERE is to be a great change in the dances this year in English fashionable circles. The polka echevelee, the schottische langoureuse, the exciting valse a deux temps, are all to give place to the slow movement of what lively girls denominate the "lullaby dances," such as the German leudler and the polonaise, as danced at the German court. What is strange in this reform is, that while the North of Europe has just determined to adopt the slow and sober style, the South has seized upon the English country dance and Scotch reels. At Florence and Milan the "sivogero" has created a perfect furore. This is no other than the Sir Roger de Coverley, which has entirely replaced the cotillon as a termination to balls. A slow and graceful dance called the cournelle, much danced at Vienna, is to be produced at the English balls during the season.

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OF a certain class Horace Greeley once remarked: "I hate lawyers; they do more mischief than their heads are worth; they cause disorder, demoralize every form of equality, and are the chief obstacles to good government. If A lets B have his property without payment, I do not see why C, D, E, and all the rest of the alphabet should be called upon as a police force to get it back! No such thing should be attempted by law. It is the most monstrous innovation upon man's honor and integrity that was ever forced into the commerce of the world. Let a man trust another at his own risk. Even a gambler pays his debts contracted at the gaming table. He is not obliged to pay, but he considers them debts of honor. Abolish all laws for the collection of debts, and thus abolish the whole credit system; this is the only safe, true basis; that would abolish most lawyers, and all of the pawnbrokers' trade which now controls the commerce of America."

—

SAID a late orator: "Do you think human nature has improved in all these thousands of years? Do you think men are really any wiser, better, or stronger, than they were thousands of years ago? Take your Greek statue, and you have as fine an expression of the human face as you can find to-day. Take what has come down to us of their eloquence, of their generalship, and you will find them not inferior to the men of to-day. Yet their civilization perished as civilization before them perished—torn to pieces by the forces generated by the growth of iniquity. And the same question is being presented to us now in this country as it was to them. We must in some way stop the progress of this equality; we must find some way of coming back to the natural plane, or we will be overthrown. All this disquiet which moves the world means something; it means that the time is almost here—if it has not already come—when our civilization must take that move forward, or go down."

—

THE expenses of living in New York are continually increasing, and already the number of men who are able to support a fair daughter of fashion in anything like the style to which she has been accustomed is comparatively small, says a correspondent. By able I mean that a man must be the possessor of an assured income of at least $5,000 a year in order to make his wife mistress of an establishment such as will enable her to at all keep up her social position. I ought to have said double that sum, for with house-rent to begin with, at the lowest $2,000, and there are few houses in good neighborhoods that can be got for that sum, $5,000 will be but genteel poverty. Even with an income of $10,000 a year a reception at Delmonico's costing $1,000, and perhaps $2,000, in addition to expensive dinner parties, $5,000 yearly for cab hire, Worth gowns, etc., cannot be given more than once in a lifetime. Out-of-town people who continue to be happy on as many hundreds a year cannot perhaps understand why it should cost ten times that amount to render life endurable in New York, and may maintain that "going into society" is not an essential to happiness.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY L. E. L.

Cool and dark the shadows glimmered
In the gloomy, grim old wood,
Where with careless, lingering footsteps,
Wandered fair Red Riding-Hood.

Dark the shadows grew and dimmer,
While the gray wolf by her side
Promised—low and treach'rous pleading—
That no harm should her betide.

Beat her pulses swift and strangely,
Fluttered fast her trusting heart;
Yet she told him all her errand
Ere at last they turned to part.

Well we know the tragic ending
Of the simple, sad old tale;
How, for once, in fairy stories
Evil projects did not fail.

Not all wolves are dead and buried,
Nor all maidens wiser grown;
Many hearts still flutter strangely
At a specious pleading tone.

Therefore, linger not to listen
When your path by wolves is crost;
Be you deaf unto the pleading—
She who hesitates is lost.

False Pretences.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

AM I to go to London this summer? asked Erma Weston of her indulgent father, after the winter had passed.

"No, you are not," said Papa Weston, trying to speak positively.

"You are going to 'mammy' if she will consent to receive you, and I want you to come home with rounder, saad redder cheeks."

(Here the cheeks had to be pinched.)

"And mind, there must be less of this folly about going out when next winter comes."

"Then if our home is to be converted into a hermitage," laughed Erma, "I mean to prepare for it by learning to cook, so that I may cheer my solitude with clear soups and perfect puddings."

"I only wish you were in earnest," her father replied.

A few weeks later Erma was installed in the home of her old nurse, Mrs. Webb—"mammy" Erma Weston had always called her.

The next morning after her arrival, she astonished Mrs. Webb by entering the kitchen at six o'clock arrayed in a cotton dress and apron.

She laughed merrily at the look of wonder on the good woman's face, and won her respect for ever by declaring, "I intend to pretend I am your daughter while I am here, and learn to bake bread and wash clothes."

"You may not get them so nice the first time, but it is wonderful pleasant to have you about the work with me."

"And remember you are not to address me as 'Miss Erma,' but only 'Erma;' and I want to begin now," she said, with a quick glance about the room in quest of employment.

"It seems like a pity to spoil them pretty hands.

"I remember how I used to love the touch of them when you were a baby, an' yer poor mother a-lyin' in her grave."

"Never mind my hands. I fancy yours might have been beautiful had they not been so useful."

"Then you might peel these taters an' cut em' up, while I go out an' milk."

When Mrs. Webb returned with her pail of foaming milk, she remarked, "There's a youngish-lookin' feller comin' this way, with a valise in his hand.

"I wonder now, if it ain't the young schoolmaster?

"Ye see, the scarlit fever broke out in our district last April, an' broke up the school. The school-missus she got married, an' we had to git a new teacher."

The "youngish-looking feller" soon made his appearance at the door.

"My name is Harris," said the young man.

"I have engaged to teach your school, and would like to board here.

"I trust you will be able to accomodate me."

"Come in an' take a chair.

"You can stay, though the last teacher did make a lot o' work, what with pickin' up things she'd leave about, an' carryin' water up the steps to her room. This is my daughter Erma, Mr. Harris."

And Mrs. Webb gave Erma a warning glance as she thus introduced her.

"You have a very handsome daughter, Mrs. Webb.

"Will she be one of my pupils?"

"You would not dare thus insult me if —" began Erma, with a flash in her brown eyes.

"Erma!" interrupted Mrs. Webb.

And then the girl smiled quietly, and was silent.

If the fly on the window had suddenly buzzed about his face, and shown a capacity for stinging, Mr. Harris would not have been more astonished.

"I thought people of this class liked such plain speech," was his mental comment, as he gazed on Erma's flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Forgive me, Miss Erma; I have been too frank, I fear," said he with grave sincerity.

"Yes," she replied, "I will forgive you if you will try to remember that the humblest [illegible] shelters a lady."

Her pupils were so haughty that he was startled into taking another look at her face—he had been gazing past her, out of the window; and he answered kindly, "I have been very remiss not to have thought of that before.

"I hope you will not take revenge on me by putting salt in my coffee, and serving up pebbles with my vegetables."

"No; I could not be content with so slight a vengeance."

And Erma left the room.

As Mr. Harris watched her receding form, he only wondered whether her beautiful eyes might not prove more torture to one's peace of mind than salt and pebbles to the stomach.

"Why did you introduce me as your daughter?" demanded Erma, when she found herself alone with Mrs. Webb.

"I thought girls were fond of such sport," replied the old lady.

"Well, perhaps I shall enjoy a masquerade; but it is surprising that you thought of it.

"I shall soon be found out at any rate. Mr. Webb will be sure to say something."

"Perhaps not.

"Mr. Webb is nearly deaf, you know, an' so taken up with his sullen spells that he don't take no notice of anything goin' on around 'im."

Mrs. Webb did not think it polite to tell Erma that, having failed to take a prize in the matrimonial market herself she dreaded a similar fate for her favorite, and doubted not that Mr. Harris would be after her father's money should he become acquainted with her position in life.

So she planned in her own way to save her darling from a possible calamity.

Indeed, Mrs. Webb regarded marriage as a calamity under any circumstances.

Day followed day, week followed week, and yet Mr. Harris failed to make Erma his friend.

He tried repeatedly to engage her in conversation; but she often discovered that her floors were unswept, or contrived some excuse for leaving him.

One morning Mr. Harris did not appear at the breakfast table, and Mrs. Webb said that he would not be able to teach that day, as he had been seized with a violent ague chill.

"I've a notion to substitute myself for him.

"I wonder if it wouldn't be fun to teach school, just for one day," said Erma.

"I wish you would.

"The poor man can't afford to lose his situation.

"He needs the money, I believe."

"It isn't because I am very charitable, or in the least solicitous about pleasing him, that I propose going.

"My motive is entirely selfish.

"It is the novelty of being a country school-mistress that presents an irresistible charm to my mind."

Arrayed in a pretty walking costume, Erma knocked at the door of Mr. Harris's room to ask for the key to the school.

He surveyed her a moment in mute admiration.

"How tasteful she is in her dress!" he thought.

"You are very kind to take my place," he said, at last, "and I am deeply grateful. I shall not require your aid long, if there is virtue in quinine.

"You will find the key on the table there, under my hat.

"I hope that my pupils will not give you any trouble."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on my account.

"I might carry a bundle of rods with me if you think it probable that I shall have to defend myself," said she with a glance as she hurried away.

"I fervently hope I shall hear or see something to day that will make me hate that man," remarked Erma to herself as she moved along the road.

"The idea of allowing myself to fall in love with a poor teacher!

"It makes me angrier with myself than I am always pretending to be angry with poor Mr. Harris.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she neared the school grounds; "I see something already!

"There's a pond of stagnant water behind the house.

"He *ought* to have the ague!

"And has no more sense than to be dosing himself with quinine.

"But, after all, it is his business to teach, not to drain marshes.

"I'll make him some hop tea to-night—no, I won't."

How anxious and sad the children seemed to learn that their teacher was not well, and how they all seemed to love him! Erma thought she should feel almost guilty if she could not love him too.

His solicitude for the welfare of his school led Mr. Harris to rise in the afternoon, when the fever had left him, and walk with slow painful steps towards the scene of Erma's temporary sovereignty.

He reached his destination in a state of great weariness, and sat to rest awhile before going into the school-room.

A recitation was in progress, and he had not listened long to the sounds before he discovered that his pupils were being guided by a master-hand.

To say that he was surprised would give but a tame idea of his emotions.

Absorbed and delighted, he remained a listener until he was startled by hearing preparations for dismissal.

He entered just as the pupils were passing out.

They gathered about him, eager to hear him say that he was better, and as the last left him, Erma was about to go too, with only a word or two about the key.

"Wait a moment, can you not?

"I would like to consult you about the record," said he.

When they were alone he said to her, "You have taught before?"

"Never!"

"Then you are a genius.

"But even if you are, you did not receive your education in a country school, did you?"

No reply.

Erma turned with nervous haste to the register, and commenced talking about the day's attendance.

As they turned the leaves together they came upon the photograph of a sweet-faced woman, and a loose sheet of paper upon which was written a poem with the title staring out in big bold letters, "To my Love."

Mr. Harris murmured something about his carelessness in leaving such things in such a place, and proceeded to put them in his coat-pocket; but Erma held out her hand.

"May I see the portrait?" she asked, in a very faint voice.

"Certainly," he answered, handing it to her.

He noticed that her fingers shook as they closed over it, and that her face was a trifle pale.

"That is my sister's picture," said the schoolmaster, after she had examined it carefully, watching her face intently as he spoke.

He saw a gleam of light leap into her eyes and an expression of relief soften the lines about her mouth.

Then he took the hand that was still trembling in his own, and looked into her eyes.

"Tell me," he said "if it had been a sweetheart instead of a sister, should you have cared?"

"No.

"What are your sweethearts to me?" she said, withdrawing her hand, and making a desperate effort to look out of the window; but somehow his gaze compelled her own, and she found herself lifting her eyes to his face, and dropping them in bewildered confusion before the light that met them.

"Erma," he said, "I feel that I must tell you what is in my heart.

"Nay, my darling, you shall listen,"—seizing her hands, for she was rising and turning from him.

"I am too poor to marry, but poverty has not prevented me from loving, aye, worshiping you.

"Tell me, Erma, is there any hope for me?

"Can you ever learn to love me?"

"No," she replied a quiver of happy excitement in her voice; "I shall never learn to love you, for I love you already."

His arms were about her in an instant.

"Bless you, my love!

"Do you think we could live on a very small salary?

"But no; I was wrong to ask it.

"I must wait for you until I obtain a better position."

"I am sure we could live together on a small salary"?

"Let us try it.

"If it becomes necessary I might teach, too," she added, mischievously.

When they reached home, Mr. Harris said, "Mrs. Webb, Erma and I are betrothed. Will you accord your consent and blessing?"

"Blessing? No! Erma Weston, what will your father say?

"To think of my poor motherless Erma marryin' a man——"

"Motherless!" interrupted the astonished Mr. Harris.

"Yes," said Erma. "Mrs. Webb was my nurse, not my mother.

"We have deceived you, but you will forgive us,"—with a confidential smile. "I am sure my father will consent to the marriage when he knows you."

He did consent, and even seemed pleased with Mr. Harris for having wooed Erma without knowing she would come into possession of a fortune on her twenty-first birthday.

Mr. Harris would not marry until he had a better position; but Mr. Weston's influence helped him to obtain one, and his own industry helped him to keep it.

Charming Philyra.

BY A. M. B.

MR. WARDLAW gave me such a cool reception when I laid before him the state of my feelings with regard to his daughter Effie, that I suspended my visits to her.

Not that I intended to give her up by any means; for a few years' hard work and close application, I firmly believed, would place me on a footing to meet Silas Wardlaw's worldly minded scruples.

I remembered how Jacob had toiled his way to a wife—two of them, in fact—and, animated by the example, I was bending every energy to win one superior to them both, when one day a piece of news came to me that pointed out a shorter cut to happiness.

By the death of a distant relative I had come in for a legacy of five thousand pounds, and could have the money, so the letter said, any time I called for it.

I kept my good luck a secret—at least, told nobody but my landlady, Mrs. Trivet, she promising not to whisper it.

The executor who had the money lived in a town some miles distant.

I could easily ride there and back in a day, and resolved to start the next morning.

Mrs. Trivet kindly fixed a button to my inside breast pocket, for greater safety, a service for which I thankfully availed myself.

The journey, till I had nearly reached home again, was without incident worthy of recital.

The executor, after taking my receipt, had promptly handed me the crisp notes, which I carefully bestowed in the pocket secured by Mrs. Trivet's button.

The last few miles of the road lay along the margin of the river, and it was here, just as the sun was going down, that my thoughts were interrupted by a piercing shriek, followed by loud cries for help.

Springing from my horse, and fastening the rein quickly to a branch, I ran to the spot whence the sound came.

Mr. Tagax, an old gentleman who recently came to lodge at Mrs. Trivet's, stood on the bank of the river calling wildly for assistance.

"For Heaven's sake, save her!" he cried, as I reached the spot.

"I know not who she is, I was sitting down here reading when I heard her outcry."

A glance explained the situation.

A young and beautiful woman was struggling in the water, in danger of being swept beyond the reach of help.

I was on the point of plunging to her rescue, when Mr. Tagax caught my arm, and said, "You'll endanger your own life if you venture in with all of your clothing on."

I felt the force of his suggestion, and throwing my coat to Mr. Tagax, leaped into the river.

A few strokes brought me in reach of the imperilled lady, who was apparently fast sinking.

Catching one of her wrists, I placed her hand on my shoulder, I started to swim to the shore.

She followed my instructions with singular presence of mind, and in a minute we stood on the bank.

I looked around for Mr. Tagax, but he was gone.

My coat, too, with the money in the coat-pocket, was equally invisible.

I uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and was about to leave the lady to herself, and start on a wild search for my missing property, when I bethought me that most likely Mr. Tagax, in his excitement, had run to call additional help, carrying my coat along with him.

Doubtless both would turn up in good season.

Miss Philyra Phippins—that was the name the young lady gave me—was residing, she said, for the summer, in the neighborhood; and while taking her favorite walk that evening, she had stopped to pluck a wild flower on the river bank, and catching her foot, had tripped and fallen over.

I hurried home, hoping to find Mr. Tagax with my coat there before me: but, to my chagrin, he had not returned.

I retraced the way to the scene of the accident, but he was nowhere to be found, nor could I discover anyone who had seen him since early in the afternoon.

I hurried back to Mrs. Trivet's, but still he had not returned.

I looked for him in all sorts of likely and unlikely places, but could get no trace of him.

At last the truth dawned upon me painfully that I had been robbed, and that Mr. Tagax, in spite of his venerable looks, was no better than he should be.

To make a long story short, I saw no more of Mr. Tagax.

From the executor, I obtained the numbers of the notes he had paid me, of which I at once advertised a full description, offering a reward for their restoration.

In my trouble, I did not forget to call on Miss Phippins, who was not only lavish in her thanks, but profuse in her expressions of sympathy for my loss, while her reprobation of the villian that had caused it was even greater than my own.

One day I happened to mention to her that business would call me to town on the morrow.

"Might I trouble you with a little commission?" she asked.

"I shall esteem it a pleasure, not a trouble," I replied.

Excusing herself, she returned, after a brief absence, with a sealed packet in her hand.

"Here are some papers I wish delivered to my guardian," she said.

"You'll find his address on the envelope."

Promising to see them safely in his hands, I took a cordial leave, receiving a pressing invitation to call on my return.

Next morning found me in the early train.

At the end of a couple of hours we stopped for refreshments.

In getting at my pocket-book I took out Miss Phippins' packet, and held it an instant in my hand.

"This way a moment, if you please," said a man, who, drawing my arm in his, led me to a private room, and said, "I am a detective. I saw a packet in your possession just now, the address on which attracted my attention. Permit to look at it."

I placed it in his hand.

Without uttering a word, he began to rip it open.

"Stop!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"That was entrusted to me by a lady, and I cannot suffer it to be tampered with."

The answer was a peculiar smile as the man proceeded with his work, and drew from the envelope a bundle, not of papers, but of bank notes, which he and his companion inspected eagerly.

"A young man was robbed of these lately

—at least, they bear the advertised numbers," remarked the detective.

"And it was I who was robbed of them!" I exclaimed.

The two laughed incredulously.

"There is a gentleman in this place who knows me," I replied.

And I gave his name.

My friend was sent for, and at once identified me.

"One!—it's plain enough now!" said the detective, when I had told my story.

"Mr. Tagax and Miss Pullyra Phipplus are only aliases for two of a notorious band of thieves.

"The former, most likely through the indiscretion of your landlady, became aware that you were about to receive a sum of money, and probably had his eye open when she sewed on the button; and the drowning scene was all a preconcerted trick.

"Not caring to have the money about him in case of capture, Mr. Tagax managed to convey it to Miss Pullyra the same night; and she afterwards took the bold course of making you the messenger to lodge it safely in the hands of the accomplished rascal who acts as banker for the gang."

The two officers returned with me in the hope of meeting the fair Pullyra, but the pretty bird had already flown.

Now that I was prepared to renew negotiations on a cash basis, I found Mr. Wardlaw quite an altered man.

As for Effie—bless her faithful heart!—I was all the same to her, fortune or no fortune.

From the Depths.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

"HELEN, why do you waste your time talking to Paul Thyrley when Mr. Hartwell and Egbert Van Dorn are both disengaged?" said Mrs. De Groot, in an angry whisper, to her daughter, on the evening of her debut, at the house of a fashionable friend.

"You know the position Paul Thyrley holds in our house.

"Your father keeps him as his secretary out of charity, on the score of their old boyish friendship.

"I am surprised that you should dance twice with him this evening.

"Some one is sure to make an ill-natured remark about it."

"He is really very nice, mamma," said Helen, gazing after her late partner with a suspiciously admiring expression in her hazel eyes.

"If he was only rich he would be perfect."

"But he is not rich.

"How can you be so foolish—so mad, Helen?"

"Are you sure that he is not rich, mamma?

"Have you noticed the splendid diamond ring in the shape of a star that he is wearing to-night?

"How could a poor man have a ring like that?"

"It is paste, no doubt," said her mother, irritably.

And then a really tragic expression crossed her still handsome face.

"Helen, Mr. Van Dorn is coming this way.

"For mercy's sake, leave off staring after that poverty-stricken Paul Thyrley, and make yourself agreeable to him if he asks you to dance—unless you wish to break my heart."

With a sigh Helen dropped her plumed fan from before her face and turned to welcome the wealthy banker with a beaming smile.

Egbert Van Dorn was a short, heavily-built, prosy man, of five and forty.

He had been born and reared in poverty.

Coming into an immense fortune when youth was gone, he had but two ideas, apparently, in his brain—the one his money; the other his very uninteresting self.

Such as he was, however, the brightest and fairest of society belles were ready to run a race for his favors.

And Helen De Groot's handsome Spanish face flushed with exultation as the evening passed by and still found him constant at her side.

Schooled by her proud mother, and prompted by her own ambition, she cast aside her momentary dream of love, and met Paul Thyrley so coldly on the next morning in her own home that his sudden look of intense mortification showed the pain he felt.

From that day they were as strangers.

Paul Thyrley busied himself in the duties of his place, and turned for comfort in his leisure hours to Helen's young cousin, Lucy Fair, who held a position in the great grand house that was even lower and less unsatisfactory than his own.

One morning, some weeks after his birthnight ball, Lucy Fair ran hastily down the staircase from her cousin's room, her pretty face all bathed in tears.

"What is it Lucy?" he asked, holding her fast as she attempted to run away.

"What has been grieving you?"

"It is—oh, Mr. Thyrley!

"Helen says that I have been so rude and forward in my behavior to you that you must despise me in your heart," said Lucy, after a long pause.

"She saw us come in from our walk last evening, do you know?"

She hesitated.

The secretary smiled.

"Well, my Lucy.

"Did she see me bid you good night with a kiss?

"Is that the cause of all these tears?" he said.

"Oh, she has said such cruel things, Paul!

"She declares that you cannot possibly respect me because I have not respected myself.

"And aunt De Groot says that she cannot take me to the grand party at Upton Park next week.

"She says that I will disgrace them by my behavior, that I have already disgraced them—that I—oh, Paul! have I done wrong?

"Was it unmaidenly in me to own that I loved you, and to show it as I did?"

"My poor little Lucy!" cried Paul indignantly.

"I see how it is.

"But they shall not torment you like this another day.

"Look here, Lucy!

"I've given up my place—I am going away at once!"

"Going away?

"Going to leave me?"

She clung to him in mute dismay, the tears still standing in her bright eyes.

"There is the thing that grieves me," replied Paul.

"Do you love me well enough to go with me, my dear?

"If you do, speak the word—and at least your aunt and cousin shall never have the power to torture you again.

"I can promise you comfort in your home, and kind care, and a love that will never fail.

"What do you say, Lucy?"

"I would go with you to the end of the world, Paul."

"And never be afraid of the hard work, the anxiety, the care, that are the daily portion of a poor man's life?"

"Never!

"If you are with me there is no sorrow, no trouble that I fear to meet," she answered, with a trusting smile.

That night the lovers left that stately home and fled to the city, where, in the presence of her uncle, Lucy Fair pronounced the vows that made her an honored wife.

"You have done well and wisely for yourself, little girl," said her uncle, as he bade them farewell the next day.

"I wish your cousin had been half as wise.

"Farewell, Paul don't fail to bring your wife to the party at Upton Park, my boy."

Mrs. De Groot held up her white and jeweled hands in horror when her husband told her what has happened.

But she was too busy preparing for her own and Helen's sojourn at Upton Park to waste many thoughts upon her rebellious niece.

The party was now close at hand, and was to be a gorgeous affair.

The owner of Upton Park, it was widely rumored, had been a poor boy, a newsboy in the city streets.

Befriended by the benevolent Paulus De Groot, then but a lad himself, the newsboy had worked, striven, and risen, till, in the prime of his manhood, he had now come to reside near his early friend in a home like a palace.

It was a romantic story.

Mrs. De Groot received them, acting as hostess by the request of Mr. Upton, who had not yet arrived.

"Mamma, you told me yesterday not to accept Mr. Van Dorn till I had seen Mr. Upton," said Helen De Groot, as they stood apart from the guests watching the inner door of the library, through which the owner of the house would very soon appear.

"But they are saying now that Mr. Upton is actually married, and that he is to bring his bride home to this house this very night."

"Nonsense, Helen!" said Mrs. De Groot sharply.

But she looked thoroughly uneasy.

"Mrs. Stone pretended that your father was in the secret, and that he was present at the wedding yesterday in the city," she began, "but I will never believe that Mr. De Groot would——"

The words died on her lips.

She grasped Helen's arm, clinging to it as if to save herself from falling.

The arched two-leaved door of the library was opened.

There stood Paul Thyrley, and leaning on his arm was a lovely little dark-eyed fairy, in a bridal robe and lace veil, with diamond ornaments that blazed like stars.

There, too, was Mr. De Groot, whose voice sounded like the "trump of doom" in the ears of his wife and daughter as he spoke in this wise—

"Friends and neighbors, let me present to you Paul Thyrley Upton and Mrs Lucy Upton, my own dear niece.

"In their name and in my own I bid you welcome most heartily to their pleasant home-coming at Upton Park."

"Feel Like a Different Man."

A gentleman at Renovo, Pa., writes, after three weeks' use of Compound Oxygen: "I am happy to say that my health has improved very much. I am surprised that I have been benefitted so much in so short a time. I feel like a different man, and can now attend to my business. The night-sweats have left me, and I can now rest good at nights. My cough has also ceased." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

They Never Had.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THERE comes a time in the lives of many young girls when they feel as if their judgment in some matters is quite superior to that of their parents.

That time had come to Mary Wells, and the matter under consideration was her matrimonial engagement with Charlie Forest.

Mary had made up her mind that the engagement should exist.

Her parents had as firmly determined that it should and would be irrevocably broken.

The fact was, Mrs. Wells thought that Charlie was not good enough for her daughter.

And why?

Well, in the first place, although young, he was slightly bald.

In the second place, he had scarcely any teeth.

The girl was wearing three false teeth; but what mattered that?

Her being a Wells compensated for such trifling defect.

In the third place, the doting mother said his nose was too large, and she wanted a handsome son-in-law.

Mary's nose was one of the kind which is usually styled celestial, and it grieves me to add that she was by no means a beauty.

But these truths are scarcely worth mentioning.

The fourth and last, and of all the most important, reason was that the suitor did not have sufficient money to satisfy the mercenary parents.

Very little "there" did Mr. and Mrs. Wells possess, but they considered that to make up for this deficiency in pecuniary affairs was the sacred duty of Mary's husband-to-be.

In consequence of these very reasonable reasons, the fond father dismissed poor Charlie with an admonition never to come near his child again, and then set to work watching the child's actions.

At first, Mary managed to meet her lover clandestinely.

But vigilant mamma came upon them one day at their trysting place, took Mary instantly home and locked her in her room.

For a while after that the young folks contrived to keep up a secret correspondence.

But that also was soon discovered.

All communication of any kind was prevented for the future, and the lovers were in despair.

About this time Mrs. Decker, a wealthy sister of Mr. Wells, was preparing for a trip to France.

Hearing of her niece's "unfortunate attachment to young Forest," she kindly offered to separate the obstinate pair by taking Mary with her.

Mary's parents were quite delighted with the idea.

"Just the thing," said her father.

"Amidst new scenes she will probably forget that scoundrel, and may meet someone who is in every way worthy of her."

Scoundrel—a young man who is slightly bald, has few teeth, possesses a lengthy nose, is not wealthy, and insists upon having a girl who loves him.

That was Mr. Wells' definition of scoundrel.

After much preparation, but no unnecessary delay, poor Mary was conducted to the train which was to bear her to the dreaded steamer.

Sad and heavy-hearted she felt as she looked out of the railway-car window, gazing at the many friends who watched them start.

Suddenly she discerned in the crowd a familiar figure.

Could it be he?

It was indeed he!

There was no mistaking that loved form.

"What is the matter, child?" asked her aunt, anxiously.

"You are white as a ghost?"

"There is Charlie," she gasped.

"Oh, how can I leave him?"

"Tut!—nonsense!

"You will get all over that in a fortnight."

But the aunt's tone was not unkind, and very tenderly did she draw her niece away from the window.

For she saw plainly enough that her heart was truly sorrowful.

We will now return to Charlie, whom we left standing in the crowd.

He had accidentally heard, on the morning of Mary's departure, of her intended trip to France, and had ascertained when she was to start.

Hoping to get an opportunity to—well, do something or other extraordinary, he had hurried to the station, but arrived there just in time to see the train leave.

Only for a moment did he stand and gaze despondingly at his loved one, then, with hands clenched and teeth set firmly, Charlie Forest made a solemn vow.

Concerning that vow we have nothing to do at present.

In due time there came to the anxious parents letters telling of Mary's indifference to everything that was novel, beautiful, or grand.

"The child is slowly pining away," wrote her aunt; "and if she is not better soon, I shall return home."

In reply to this, the hard-hearted parents said:—

"Don't think of such a thing as coming back yet.

"She will no doubt get over that love-sickness in a short time."

After a while Mrs. Decker sent word that Mary was growing more cheerful, and appeared to have almost forgotten Charlie Forest.

Again she wrote:—

"The child is quite herself once more. She acts very agreeably with everybody, and seems to favor the attentions of a young nobleman to whom she was introduced lately."

Finally came the news that the young nobleman wished Mary's hand in marriage.

"If you are willing," said the aunt, "they will be married here, finish the trip with me, and then we will all come home together to receive your blessing."

"What did I tell you?" cried Mrs. Wells, exultingly.

"Mary will make a brilliant match, after all.

"Certainly we are willing."

"Hadn't we better make inquiries about the gentleman's character, or find out as to his antecedents?" prudently asked Mr. Wells.

"Not at all essential, sir.

"Your sister will make all the necessary inquiries.

"While the child has a good chance, let her take it, or it may slip."

So over the Channel went the answer that pa and 'ma were willing.

Thus it happened that in a few weeks from that time, on a fine spring morning, a large company of friends assembled at Mr. Wells' residence to greet the happy nobleman and his bride.

At last, after much waiting and a great deal of consequential talk from the highly elated parents, a carriage drove up to the door, and the travelers were ushered into the presence of the expectant guests.

"Allow me to introduce your daughter's husband," said Mrs. Decker, looking at a young man, on whose arm Mary proudly leaned.

Everyone present stared in amazement.

Mr. Wells stood as if riveted to the spot.

But Mrs. Wells indignantly burst forth—

"Susan, you have deceived us!

"Where is the nobleman whom you promised as our daughter's husband?

"That is only Charlie Forest!"

"Here is the noble man," replied the aunt, laying her hand on Charlie's shoulder.

"I assure you I can truly call him by that name, for he possesses true nobility of character, which is far grander than that of blood.

"But, believe me, when I first wrote you of him, I did not know that the nobleman who seemed to brighten up my niece so wonderfully was only Charlie Forest.

"You are aware that I had never met him before.

"And afterwards, when they came to me confessed all, and implored me to intercede for them, I, knowing that intercession would not avail, invented the little artifice for the purpose of making happy two young lives.

"Now, dear sister and brother, show your true nobility by granting us complete forgiveness."

"Well, what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose," said Mrs. Wells.

And then she sighed as she thought of her son-in-law's empty purse.

"Bless you both!" said the father. "Wife and I were in the wrong.

"Charlie, I commend your pluck in following the girl you love to France.

"You well deserve her.

"But may we never have cause to think of you otherwise than as the noble man sister Susan calls you!"

And they never had.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.—The belief that disease is sometimes disseminated through the medium of funerals has long been entertained.

This matter some time since took a practical turn by one of the Massachusetts medical societies sending out some 400 circulars to physicians, with a view of ascertaining the opinion of the profession on the alleged danger of permitting public funerals of persons who had died from diphtheria. Two hundred and thirty-nine answers were received, and of these 143 writers expressed a belief in the possible danger of contagion at such funerals, seventeen believed that there is danger from funerals in the house of the dead, but none in churches; twenty-nine think that in the present state of knowledge, there is no justification in prohibiting public funerals; and eight confirm, from circumstances in their own experience, the peril in question. The society, therefore, advises private funerals in deaths from diphtheria.

One Experience from Many.

I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gain so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

Death or Dishonor.

BY HENRY FIRTH.

WHEN Grandfather Ackland died I stood by his bedside. Cousin Rudolph was on the other.

We were quite alone, for the nurse had been sent away, and were very sad, for we loved our grandfather dearly.

We were waiting to hear something that he had desired to say to us; and at last he spoke.

"Rudolph," he said, "you have not formed any matrimonial engagement without my knowledge, I suppose?"

"No, sir," answered Rudolph.

"Nor you Felicia?" asked my grandfather.

"Oh, no," said I.

"I am glad of that," said he.

"Now, Rudolph, I know that you admire your cousin, and that she respects you. It would rejoice me greatly if you would both think over a proposition which I am about to make to you.

"I should like to see you engaged to each other before I die.

"I have left the property between you, and that would reunite it. Still, I would not make that my motive. I believe you well suited to each other; well contrasted in physical appearance, with the qualities to satisfy each other. I shall know that Felicia had a protector on whom I could rely, and you a wife to make you happy. Think it over and answer me to morrow."

Neither of us said anything. Soon we were sent away; but that evening Rudolph came to me.

"Felicia, do you think you could put up with me?" he said.

"Rudolph," I answered, "even to please grandpa' I can't marry a husband who does not love me."

"But I do," said Rudolph—"dearly. Nobody could help it."

"And I suppose romance is chiefly found in plays and novels," said I. "Real love and friendship are what people actually have in married life.

"Oh, as to that, let us be romantic, too," said Rudolph.

"You see, being cousins, we've never thought of it; but I should be very glad if you could make up your mind, my dear."

So the next morning—I was sixteen and Rudolph eighteen, remember—we promised our grandfather to do as he wished.

We were not to marry until I was twenty and Rudolph twenty-two.

Meanwhile, I was under the protection of an old friend, since I had no living relatives; and were both to take a tour through Europe, and to proceed with our education.

We made our grandfather very happy, and wept in each other's arms when he died.

However, my feelings did not alter to Rudolph.

I had always loved him dearly, and no special romance connected itself with him; only I think a woman always feels pleased to know that a handsome, admirable young man is her very own for life.

Thus matters were arranged when we started for Paris in the same steamer, under proper chaperonage.

We did the cities. We saw nature as seen by other tourists.

We looked at the pictures, heard the music, visited the libraries.

We were by no means always together, and it chanced that in Rome I was introduced to a gentle man, a young friend of my chaperon's, who was very courteous to me, and offered us his escort whenever it was needed.

He was a young sculptor, rich, an Italian by birth, by name Giovanni Monaldini, but very, very handsome.

When I had known him a little while, Rome began to have a wondrous charm for me.

Places I cared nothing for at first were invested with a glamor of romance.

I spent days in the galleries with him, my chaperon asleep in a chair hard by.

Rudolph declared that he was sick of high art.

He spent most of his time at the house of the father of a school friend of his, whom he had met by chance—a fellow who always had a good cigar and plenty of music. Music was Rudolph's fancy just then.

How easily we slip into places we would never enter willingly!

One morning I awoke in my little Roman bed, under a painted ceiling, and with the light falling upon me through a stained glass window, and suddenly recognized the truth.

The romance that had not come to me with my engagement to my cousin had come with my acquaintance with Giovanni. I loved my cousin; but I was in love with the sculptor, and he loved me.

Oh, the bitter shame I felt—the deep contrition!

I could only say to myself, "I could not help it;" and then cry, "Weak, wicked creature! how dare you say that?"

And then I knelt down and prayed for help and it seemed to me that I might pray better in the dim old cathedral so near to us; and dressing myself hastily, I glided out at the door, telling no one where I was going.

There were few in the church at that early hour; but even as I caressed my own grief, I noticed another more sad than I—a young English looking girl—a very violet of a creature, dressed in mourning, and with a tear-stained face.

She started up.

There was a strange look in her eyes. I felt that I read its meaning. She intended to destroy herself.

"The victim of some wicked deceiver," I thought to myself.

"But she shall not—she shall not! I will follow her and save her."

And when, in a moment or two, she slipped out of the church, I was at her heels.

She turned, as I expected, into the Strada di Ripetta, which leads straight to the banks of the Tiber, and at last she stood close to its edge, in the shelter of an old wall, making up her mind, as I saw, to the awful plunge she had contemplated.

Then I went close to her, and caught her by her dress, and said softly, "Stop! I know what you are going to do. You are wrong, whatever troubles you have.

"I have followed you to keep you from the river."

The girl turned suddenly, and looked at me.

"What do you know about me?" she asked.

"Only what I saw in the church," I replied.

"Is it so plainly written in my face that a stranger can see it?" she cried. "Then, indeed, the water is the place for me—no other!"

I held her tighter.

"How do you know what comes after?" I cried—"After this life? Worse than shame, perhaps."

"Shame!" she said. "Oh, how dare you? Do you think I am a young person who has had no respect for herself?"

"People always think that of girls who drown themselves," I answered.

"Don't think it of me," she said; "I am only foolish.

"Perhaps you came there to the cathedral to pray because you were sad?"

"Yes," I said.

"You know about me because your own heart told you," she said.

"You have been good and kind to follow me. I think I will tell you—all but the names.

"I'm a poor governess. I came here with a rich family, and a friend of the son's. He visited me.

"He is a splendid creature—good, true, perfect, beautiful; but he liked me. And I used to sing to him—I am quite one of the family—and I grew to love him; and yesterday, at twilight, he walked on the hills with me.

"Suddenly he told me how he loved me, and how he should never be happy, for he was engaged to a girl whom he must marry.

"'Little Violet,' he said, 'I ask nothing of life but the right to love you and protect you, and that I cannot have for honor's sake.'

"And he told me how good she was, and handsome; and nothing—nothing in him beside me.

"So all night I lay awake, and I made up my mind to kill myself this morning. Now you know all.

"Life is nothing to me if Rudolph is lost—married to that girl!

"Rudolph, who cried when we parted, though he was a man!"

"Rudolph!" cried I.

"Hush!" she cried. "I did not mean to say that."

"Rudolph Ackland," I continued.

"I never told you," said she.

"No," said I; "I am a fortune-teller. Violet, look into my eyes.

"Believe me—I know. There is no need of drowning yourself. That girl will not marry Rudolph Ackland.

"She loves someone else better.

"She feels free to marry him now.

"She knows that Rudolph's heart would not be broken.

"Go home.

Rudolph will come to you."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl. "Are you a fortune-teller.

"I believe you are—that—that girl herself.

"We will make no confessions," said I. "Kiss me and go home."

She put her lips to mine.

And then we went together up the Strada, and I went home.

On the way I met Giovanni.

My heart beat high with joy—higher yet when we parted, for we had pledged our faith to each other.

My chaperon and Rudolph were breakfasting together.

Rudolph was very pale; he said nothing. My chaperon scolded me.

But when he left us for a moment, I said to him, "Cousin, cheer up.

"Let us thank Heaven we were only engaged—not married.

"I think you had better go and see Violet this morning.

"I am going to the Vatican with Giovanni. We make excellent cousins.

"Let us retain that relation only. Our romance has come to us otherwise than we hoped."

I think—such is man—that he was hurt and angry with me; but he went to Violet, and she is his wife to day, and I Giovanni's. And the sea rolls between our homes, for I have never left Rome, and he transplanted his Violet home.

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Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. [illegible] rates to and from the Hotel. Visitors can save [illegible] by stopping at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first class hotel in the city.

New Publications.

"These Pretty St. George Girls," now in press and shortly to be issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, treats of fashionable life in London, picturing the scenes of a London "season," with its aristocratic flirtations, followed by sketches of the of the English nobility.

"L'Evangeliste," fresh from the pen of that charming French novelist, Alphonse Daudet is a romance that everybody not only ought to read, but will read. It is the reigning and all-absorbing literary sensation of two continents, and its wonderful fascination is of a kind peculiar to itself. From the first word attention is aroused, and the interest deepens all the way along until the exceedingly dramatic climax is reached. In it Daudet takes up the cudgels against the Salvation Army, denouncing it as "The Anglican Pest." T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

"Wealth Creation," by Augustus Mongredien, with an introduction by Simon Sterne is a work on political economy that will be widely read. It is based upon the free trade idea of commerce, and maintains its particular views with great clearness and ability. Those who favor these principles will find in the book much that is additionally conclusive, while those inclining to Protection, will at least be entertained by it. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, and for sale by Claxton & Co. Price $1.25.

MAGAZINES.

The April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* challenges attention by the variety, ability, and interest of its contributions. The opening paper, which is beautifully illustrated, is, The American Barbison. A Pilgrim Down East, by R. Riordan, gives capital sketches of places and people—Newport and Concord, Holmes and Whittier, etc.—in a piquant style. The German Element in the United States, by E. V. Smalley, embodies in brief compass a large amount of suggestive information on an important topic. Mr. Freeman on American Speech is the title of a racy piece of criticism. An article on Wagner, by Philip G. Hubert, Jr., is avowedly the production of a fanatical admirer. One of the most striking papers in the number is one on The Climate Cure, by Frank D. Y. Carpenter. Miss Tincker's serial, The Jewel in the Lotos, is a most captivating story. Of the remaining fiction, An Every-Day Affair is a capital society story, of which the scene is laid in Washington, while Cyrus's Wife and Clock-Work give faithful pictures, humorous and pathetic, of rural New England life. The editorial departments are as well filled and interesting as usual. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

The frontispiece in the March *Century* is a fine portrait of Leon Gambetta, the French orator and statesman. An excellent portrait of the author also appears in connection with an article written since the illness which terminated in the death of Emerson. A short biographical sketch of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, with portrait, is contributed by his son. Mrs. Runkle pleads for the higher education of women in an article entitled A New Knock at an Old Door. Other readable articles are Six Days and Seasons, by John Burroughs; The Village of Oberammergau, by H. H.; The Architectural League of New York, by Roger Riordan; Mr. Cable continues his illustrated historical series with The End of Foreign Dominion in Louisiana; and Dr. Edward Eggleston, in his third historical paper, treats of The Migrations of American Colonists. Yard by Frank D. Millet, is the short story of the number. Mr. Howells, in his second part of A Woman's Reason, introduces a catastrophe that changes the whole tenor of the heroine's life. Mrs. Burnett's Through One Administration is nearly finished, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's striking story, The Led-Horse Claim, is brought to a conclusion. The poems of the number are by Andrew Lang, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, W. P. Andrews, and others. The departments are unusually full of good matter. The Century Co., New York.

The North American Review for March opens with an article on Money in Elections, by Henry George, who brings to the discussion of that hackneyed subject a contribution full of originality, freshness and keen insight. Robert B. Taylor writes of the Subjugation of the Mississippi. Moncure D. Conway contributes a very striking study of Gladstone as a man and a statesman. Hon. George W. Julian's Railway Influence in the Land Office is a grave, judicial exposure of the practices which have won for corporations millions upon millions of acres of the public domain. Richard A. Proctor writes of the Pyramid of Cheops; Prof. Wm. G. Sumner of Protective Taxes and Wages; Elmer Wright of Some Aspects of Life Insurance; and finally there is a symposium on Educational Needs, by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, Prof. Felix Adler, President Thomas Hunter, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

The April *Wide Awake* will greatly entertain all its young patrons who have learnings toward art and curiosity as to its methods, by the delightful account of John Angelo's Visit to the Water Color Exhibition of '83. Some thirty illustrations have been furnished by the leading Water Color artists. Long installments are given of both The Silver City and Old Caravan Days. Part I. of Madame Gilt is more useful and entertaining than Natural History stories usually are, and Mrs Diaz' John Spicer Lecture No. V. on Food, is witty and very much to the point. Very much to the point, too, is Nora Perry's excellent story for grown-up girls, entitled, Noblesse Oblige. A fine full-page engraving is the frontispiece, Clarice, by Miss Humphrey, for Margaret Sidney's Easter poem; and still another is by Alfred Fredericks, for Mrs. Browning's Mother and Poet, and still one more is by Garrett, for Lucy Larcom's Jack-in-the-Swamp. Edward Everett Hale, talks with his club concerning The United States of Europe, Mary Trent has a microscopic study of The Brickmaker, Miss Harris writes in Pleasant Talks as to what Charles Kingsley, Prof. Sargent tells the boys something About Running and Jumping, the Next Neighbor talks with Anna Maria about Kitchens as They Should Be, Marion Harland instructs her Cooking Society about Breakfast Dishes, and so on to the end of a very charming number. Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Eclectic Magazine. The April number of this sterling old periodical is at hand, and contains the usual rich and varied store of good things. Its table of contents comprises something for every variety of taste, and is as follows: Cavalletta, by a Friend and Follower; Guerrazzi, by a German; The Art of Rossetti, by Harry Quilter; Adventures among the Austrians in Bosnia; Church-going Tim, a Poem by A. Mary F. Robinson; The Creed of Christendom, by Rev. James Martineau; Poets and Nightingales; Fireside Musings on Serious Subjects; Mexico and her Railways, by J. Y. Sargent; Hours of Rest, by Anna H. Drury; Lord Richard and I, a Story, by Julian Sturgis; The Violin's Voice, by Beatrice Harraden; The Photographic Eyes of Science, by Richard A. Proctor; Anthony Trollope, by Mrs. Oliphant; Doctor Henderson's Romance; The Beginnings of Art, by Stanley Lane-Poole; Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh; The Old-Looking Man, Curiosities of the Telephone, In Newspaper's Work; Literary Notices, Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $6 per year; single copy, 45 cents; Trial subscription for three months, $1.

St. Nicholas for April opens in a very seasonable fashion with a frontispiece illustration of George H. Boughton's beautiful picture, Snow in Spring time, and some charming springtide verses by Avis Grey, called The Summons, which are followed by Katharine B. McDowell's April Fool story entitled Louis's Little Joke. Edgar Fawcett tells in delightful style a forceful story, called The Sad Little Prince, and H. H. contributes A Brave Chinese Baby. Flying Without Wings, which describes some of the curious ways in which certain winged animals fly. By the author of the Peterkin Papers, is Alone in Rome. A humorous poem that boys will appreciate is Bob's Wonderful Bicycle. De Cost Smith tells how to make a paper boat at an expense of less than seven dollars. Of the serial stories, Frank R. Stockton's story of Vitean comes to its conclusion; while J. T. Trowbridge's The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill gets the young heroes into a serious predicament. Among the other attractions of the number may be mentioned the [illegible] Number by Eleanor [illegible] illustrated by Reginald Birch, and contributions by A. G. Plympton, Anna Eichberg, L. D. Brewster, Mary Wager Fisher, and many others. The Century Co., New York.

The popular *Science Monthly* has the following contents for April: Nature and Limits of the Science of Politics, by Prof. Sheldon Amos; The Economic Function of Vice, by John McElroy; Progress of the Backboned Family, by A. H. Buckley, Illustrated; [illegible] by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; Perceptional Illusions, by D. W. [illegible]; Dwarfs and Giants, by M. [illegible]; The Census and its Results, by N. H. Egleston; Origin of the Heroes of [illegible]; Speculations on the Nature of Matter, by H. H. Bates, M. A.; The Late Statesmen of Savannah, by Oliver [illegible]; The New York [illegible] Society, by James Hall; Origin of the Calendar and Astrology, by Prof. W. Foster; Sketch of Ingenuous Allen Lapham, LL. D., with portrait; Correspondence; Editor's Table; The New Scientific Weekly—Incentives to the Pursuit of Science—Hindrances to the Science of Politics; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

Arthur's *Home Magazine* for April is full from cover to cover, of the best of matter for household reading and application. The departments in themselves contain domestic hints, etc., worth the subscription price scores of times over. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Publishers, Phila.

The American Naturalist. This popular illustrated monthly magazine of natural history and travel is now in its seventeenth year, and was never more valuable and interesting. It is edited by Professors Packard and Cope in a markedly able way. The April number just issued is particularly rich in fresh and original matter in all its various departments. To the scientist who would keep abreast of the particular progress of knowledge, this magazine is invaluable. McCalla & Stavely, Publishers, Philadelphia. Subscription $4.00 per year.

THE official *Railroad Gazette* of the Prussian Government lately announced a shower of decorations for railroad officials. Among the recipients were [illegible] engagement (presumably those who know not to be baggage masters, and even track walkers.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

AS many of our young readers in the country may have very vague ideas about "The Zoo," or what it is, we will lend them the eyes of two young friends of ours to behold its wonders.

They belonged up in the western part of the big State of Pennsylvania, but came on this Spring to see their grandparents.

Among the sights they seemed to enjoy the most, were to see of "The Zoo," or wild animal garden, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

After their first or second visit, Jeff and Eva—for those were the names of the visitors—were permitted to explore the gardens alone, their guardian accompanying them to the gate in the morning, and returning for them in the afternoon.

One evening, after one of these visits, when the day had been warm and they were very tired, they sat talking their experiences over.

"I should think the animals liked it quite as well as living in their own countries," said Eva.

"They have all their food provided for them without any trouble, and have comfortable homes quite suitable for them, built and kept in order."

"I don't know," answered Jeff.

"I should think the beavers might be happy, because they can go on with their work, as also the birds.

"And many of the animals have been born in captivity, so they know nothing of freedom.

"But if the lions and tigers can remember their native woods and forests, they would like to be roaming about in them."

"But they might be hunted and shot," said Eva.

"Yes, so they might, but in spite of that they would like to hunt their prey for themselves.

"The great white-headed sea-eagle looked at me as if he had something to say.

"Perhaps he thinks that we understand some of the bird languages.

"Eva, if we could only come there when it is all quiet, I am sure we would hear a great deal.

"It is a wonderful place.

"I know the elephant liked us.

"Did you notice that he took our buns first?

"And the monkeys chattered and whispered and were going to be very confidential."

"Did you see the cranes waltzing?" asked Eva.

"And the bear climbing the pole?" added Jeff, "up and down, up and down, all day for buns.

"They must get tired of it.

"Mr. Bruin looked sympathetically at me when I said 'Poor fellow.'"

"Now, Jeff, don't get melancholy over them."

"I'm not melancholy. I am wondering what they really in their hearts think about it all."

* * * * * *

"Why, Eva!"

"Jeff!"

"How did we get here?"

"I don't know.

"I thought we were at dessert, and that grandfather was telling us about the kangaroos."

"Did we go to sleep?" said Eva.

"I don't know.

"And I don't at all know now where we are."

"On the road to the 'Zoo.'"

"Do you want a cab?" said a voice close beside them.

Jeff looked round.

There was no one near.

A large black-and-tan spaniel stood by, wagging his tail, but he could not have spoken.

On the other side of the way was a street car, with "Zoo" in large letters upon it.

There was a conductor on the steps, but clearly it was not he who had called out, as he would not have suggested a cab.

"Going to the Zoo?" said the voice again, this time much louder.

And this time Jeff discovered that it really was the black-and-tan spaniel who was speaking.

Jeff was holding up his hand, and the car was stopping, and he and Eva had to run across the street, for this car would take them just where they wanted to go.

"I'll go with you," said the Spaniel, as he sprang in after them and established himself on the cushion at the end of the conveyance.

"I thought dogs were not admitted," observed Jeff.

"Not ordinarily," replied the Spaniel, "but this is extraordinarily, and we shall have the Gardens to ourselves.

"It's only once in a hundred years that such a chance occurs, and I've been waiting for to-night.

"I am a lost dog, and to-night is my last night for wandering.

"I am now I stand wait about the corners of the streets until something turns up."

"But if you are so fond of it I wonder that you have lost yourself," remarked Jeff.

"Well," replied the Spaniel, "the fact is I have been sold to a master I do not like, so I have run away and made my way to Philadelphia.

"I saw you arrive, and I saw you drive to the Zoo, and waited for you to come out again.

"I know about you, for there are birds flying south from your place, and birds carry news.

"You will see and hear more than most, for animals are drawn towards those who love them."

"I wish you were one of our dogs," said Eva.

The car was rattling along through the quiet street, for no people were about—not a creature to be seen.

And yet there seemed to be a general illumination.

The shutters had suddenly become quite transparent, and behind them were lights and flowers, and all kinds of beautiful devices and mottoes, such as "On to the Zoo!" "Hail to those who love Animals!" "Kindness is strength," "Good food, good work," and others.

"What does it all mean?" asked Jeff.

"It's the allied animals," said the Spaniel.

"They are doing it in honor of the efforts that are being made in their behalf by the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

"Ah," said one of the horses, suddenly turning round in a most remarkable manner, and putting his nose through the front window, "we've heard of it too."

"Why, where are the driver and conductor?" said Jeff, with a start.

"Oh, they've disappeared," replied the second horse, turning round as his companion had done, "but it does not matter.

"We know the way as well without them as with them."

It was odd, certainly.

The Spaniel, the horses, and Jeff, and Eva went on talking all the way to the Zoo, and what was perhaps more surprising still, Jeff and Eva saw nothing strange in it.

They drew up at last at the main entrance.

The gates opened of themselves, and Jeff, Eva, the spaniel, and the two horses, who had unharnessed themselves, passed in.

"We have a distant cousin in the zebra that we wish to see," explained the horses; "and we should like to say a word or two to the camels, and to look at the deer in the paddocks."

"There will be no visitors to-night but ourselves," said Jeff.

"No," replied Eva, "no one but ourselves.

"Yes! but there will be," she exclaimed, after a pause; "yes, there will be other visitors.

"Look there, Jeff, some are just coming in.

"Oh, what a pretty little boy that is on the pony!

"And there is a lady with him, and such a number of dogs!"

"Bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow," barked the dogs, eyeing the Spaniel suspiciously.

"Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow," returned the Spaniel, advancing cheerfully to meet them.

His advances were fortunately well received, and in a few minutes a regular conversation, appeared to be going on.

Shortly the Spaniel came back to Jeff and Eva, and said—

"The boy on the pony is named Eric; he has just come from India.

"He has left his father and mother there, and the lady who is with him takes care of him in America."

"From India!" repeated Jeff; "then he will have seen tigers, and leopards, and elephants, and snakes, and——"

Here he left off, for the boy on the pony was coming nearer, and he looked at Jeff and Eva as much as to say, "And who are you?"

The lady nodded kindly, and said, "Are you alone, my dears?"

"Yes," replied Eva.

"Grandfather and grandmother were having dessert, and I can't remember how it came about, but we found that we had in some very strange manner, slipped away, because we wanted to hear the animals talking, and they only talk if we are quite by ourselves."

"That is just what I want to do," said Eric, stopping his pony.

"I have come over from India in a great ship, and I heard the people talking about a beautiful garden in Philadelphia, where almost all the animals in the world lived together, and were taken care of, without any trouble on their part, and that it was like a large—great——

He turned toward the lady.

"Happy family," said the lady: "fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, and distant cousins of many families all gathered into one—'Our Happy Family.'"

"Yes," said Eric, "that is it.

"And I thought perhaps some of the Happy Family might like to see a boy who came from their own country.

"They might like to hear what I had to say, and to ask me questions.

"They could tell me how they traveled here, and what vessel they came by, and who was the captain.

"I hope it was my captain, for he was very fond of animals.

"He had a pet monkey, such a funny fellow, and the sailors were all so fond of it." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADY'S BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength, and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

POOR BIJOU.

BY G. W.

THE summer sun was shining brightly on the streets and market-place of a little German town, where the annual was being held.

There were booths for the sale of tinware, crockery, cakes, and sugar-sticks, and there were also bands of mountebanks, strolling musicians, and performing dogs ready and willing to amuse the company.

All at once, however, these people not only found themselves unnoticed, but they pressed eagerly forward to join a group which gathered round an old man in well-worn velveteen clothes with a battered shako on his head, who was well known as the possessor of the most knowing little canary that was ever seen.

Presently the man stopped before the open window of a large old-fashioned house at which a worthy burgher sat smoking his long pipe with two or three cronies, who usually came to see him on fair days; and many of the more respectable members among the crowd took French leave, and followed him, while the rest gathered round the window.

The canary was produced, and placed on the forefinger of his owner, who said—

"Bijou, my jewel, you are in the presence of gentlemen of honor and wisdom, who have often heard of you.

"Be sure you keep up your character and do not disappoint them."

The canary appeared to listen with the utmost attention, and gave two distinct nods with his head when his master had finished, as much as to say, "You may rely on me as usual."

The man responded with a bow, and bade the bird give them a tune.

Bijou began to sing at the top of his voice, and warbled as though his little throat were a lute.

"Bravo, bravo, bravo," cried the lookers-on.

"Acknowledge the compliment, sir," exclaimed Bijou's owner, and the bird bowed gravely right and left, to the great delight of the company.

"Now a curtsey to the ladies," and the canary crossed his tapering legs and rose and sank with a capital imitation of the most approved fashion of that feminine gesture.

He next went through martial exercise with a straw gun, and wound up by dancing a hornpipe with such glee, spirit, and accuracy that every one clapped and applauded him, and the musicians outside executed a flourish of trumpets.

"You have done my bidding bravely," said the bird-catcher, stroking his feathered friend.

"Now take a nap and rest while I do my part."

Bijou first shut one eye and then the other, nodded so much on one side that he seemed likely to fall off his master's finger, recovered himself, and almost dropped on the other, but presently seemed sound asleep, and was laid on the table as limp and motionless as if he had been dead.

The host poured out a glass of wine for his owner, and as he raised it to his lips Bijou flew up, perched on the edge, dipped his bill in for a sip, and then returned to his lifeless position on the table.

The man then proceeded to perform some tricks with tobacco-pipes so skilfully that every one's attention was fixed on him, when suddenly there was a commotion, and a large black cat sprang on the table, pounced on poor Bijou, and jumped out of the window with him in his mouth!

So many people stood by that to catch and take the bird from her was only the work of a moment.

But, alas! the little life was gone, and it was indeed a dead canary that lay once more on the table.

The bird-catcher's grief was terrible.

"Oh, my dearest Bijou," he moaned, "would that I was dead also!

"For four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my cup, and slept in my bosom!

"Without thee what will become of me!"

He took out of his pocket a little bag of wool and cotton, with which he made a bed for the still palpitating body, bending over it with tears and sobs till there was hardly a dry eye among the many bystanders.

The musicians put together the few coins that were in their pockets, wrapped them in a rag, and handed the parcel to one of those within, who slipped it into the apparently empty pocket.

The poor man put his hand in and brought out not only the money, but a tiny paper of seed, which renewed his sorrow.

He threw the money down, and taking a few grains in his hand, put them to the bill of his dead Bijou as though beside himself.

"No, poor Bijou! no; thou canst no more peck out of the hand that has so long fed thee.

"Thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this seed for thee!

"If it had been gold thou deservedst it!"

The good burgher could bear the scene no longer. He took a gold coin from his purse, and his friends added more, several persons gave some silver, and there was soon quite a collection of copper pieces.

"Here, my friend," said he, "we cannot call Bijou back to life, but we can give you this money not as mere charity, but as our tribute to the honest affection of a grateful heart.

"Take it, and if you are ever in trouble you will find a friend in me."

The poor man was too much moved to do more than thank him in a broken voice.

He was seen no more that year, but afterwards always called on his benefactor when the fair came round.

He said that he was able to make a very fair living, but had never attempted to train another canary.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.—Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water, and drank, will instantly relieve "heart-burn" or dyspepsia.

If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure an ordinary case of dyspepsia, if, at the time due attention is paid to the diet.

There is no better remedy than the above, for constipation.

As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe.

It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allying the irritation.

In doses from one to four teaspoonfuls in half pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts properly as an emetic; and in cases of poisoning is always at hand.

It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects.

It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of teeth.

It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.

Mustard is another very valuable remedy.

No family should ever be without it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very properly, and is much milder and easier to take than salt and water.

Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal, made into a paste with warm water, and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the often indispensable "mustard plaster."

It is almost a specific for colic, when applied for a few moments over the "pit of the stomach."

For all internal pains and congestions, there is no remedy of such general utility.

It acts as as a counter-irritant, by drawing the blood to the surface

Hence, in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck.

The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache.

A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left too long in one place it is liable to blister.

A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part.

Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns.

It may be used on the surface of the burned place, either dry or wet.

When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical.

It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences.

It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects.

Owing to colds, over fatigue, anxiety and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly colored, and more or less loaded with phosphates, which settles to the bottom of the vessel on cooling.

As much soda as can be dipped up with a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold water and drank every three hours, will soon remedy the trouble and cause relief to the oppression that always exists from interruption of the natural flow of urine.

This treatment should not be continued more than twenty four hours.

We have no more space to devote to this subject now; but it is one of universal interest and we shall continue it.

We shall endeavor to show that most of the diseases and accidents that are constantly occurring, could be remedied or avoided by resorting to such remedies and appliances as are to be found in every family.

THE daughter of a Covington (Ky.) woman, who was worth $60,000, was so badly treated at home that she went to Cincinnati and got a living as a seamstress. When her mother found out her whereabouts she went to her employers and told them to beware of her. The girl was discharged. She sued her mother for slander, and the latter compromised by promising to settle half of her estate upon her daughter.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, is a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color. It imparts a fine gloss and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen and scientists as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY L. L.

Ask a little pity
For the children of the city,
For the tiny human sparrows, on whose life we seem to frown;
Whose little hearts are sighing
For the joys they've heard are lying
Beyond the smoky limits of the crowded, toiling town.

The wild flowers are upspringing,
And the woodlark may be singing
'Neath the branches of the forest, where the fabled fairies dwell;
But the children of the alleys
Know but little of the valley,
And the woodlands and the country lanes of which the schoolbooks tell.

We know not what they suffer,
They walk a pathway rougher
Than the rosy road which happiness and riches can prepare;
Our care should not forsake them,
So let us kindly take them
To the meadows, where those waifs and strays may breathe a purer air.

Let the summer breeze caress them,
Let the golden sunshine bless them,
Among the flowers and butterflies in freedom let them roam;
Let us fill their hearts with gladness,
Let us drive away the sadness
And the sickness and the sorrow which they always find at home.

'Tis little I am asking
Of you for ever basking
In the smiles of health and comfort, never knowing want or care;
But give, at least, your pity
To the children of the city,
And you cannot help but something from your purse and bounty spare.

ABOUT THE BED.

A SPANISH minister signalized his accession to power by going straightway to bed and staying there, lest he should be expected to do something. No English minister ever adopted that ignoble expedient to escape performing his duties; but Walpole relates that William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle once held counsel together in bed. Pitt had the gout, and, as was his custom when so afflicted, lay under a pile of bed-clothes in a fireless room. The Duke, who was terribly afraid of catching cold, first sat down upon another bed as the warmest place available, drew his legs into it as he grew colder, and at last fairly lodged himself under the bed-clothes. Somebody coming in suddenly beheld "the two ministers in bed at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some time, added to the grotesque nature of the scene."

The great Commoner was abed and asleep when Wyndham and other of his colleagues burst into his room and shook their chief out of his slumbers to tell him there was mutiny in the fleet, that the Admiral was a prisoner on board his own ship, and in danger of death. Sitting up in bed, Pitt asked for a pen, ink and paper, and wrote: "If the Admiral is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries;" and turned over on his pillow, and was in a sound sleep a few minutes later.

When, in 1814, the military affairs of the allies looked somewhat unpromising, it was around the bed of General Knesbech, at Barsur-Aube, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, Hardenberg, Volkousky, Schwartzenberg, Metternich, Radetsky, Diebitsch, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh held their council of war; and the issue of the campaign culminating in the occupation of Paris was virtually decided by Castlereagh insisting upon the immediate transference of wavering Bernadotte's battalions to Blucher's command, and taking the responsibility upon his own shoulders.

It was in bed, at the little inn at Waterloo, that Wellington received the terrible casualty-list of the memorable 18th of June; and as name after name fell from Dr. Hume's lips, he threw himself back on the pillow and groaned out: "What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?" Wellington, who possessed the faculty of sleeping at will, held that when it was time to turn over it was time to turn out.

Napoleon, a man of another temperament, provided for wakefulness by keeping the returns of his army under his pillow, to be conned and considered when tired nature's sweet restorer refused to share his "bed majestical."

One of Johnson's earliest ventures in book-making was the translating of Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," which put fifty dollars into his pocket. Lying in bed, he dictated sheet after sheet to his friend Hector, who carried them off to the printer without waiting for Johnson to look over them.

When the fit was on him, Rousseau remained in bed, carefully drawing his curtains to keep out the daylight, and gave himself up to the fascinating delights of composition.

In bed, Paesiello composed his "Barbiere di Seviglia" and "La Molinara." One at least of Rossini's operas was composed under the same conditions.

Swift, fond as he was of lying in bed of a morning thinking of wit for the day, wrote to his friend Sheridan: "Pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer." Better, perhaps, do that than imitate George IV., and lie in bed devouring newspapers the best part of the day. Many very clever people, however, have scouted the idea of health, wealth and wisdom coming of early rising.

Macauley read much in bed, and anxious to keep up his German, imposed upon himself the task of perusing twenty pages of Schiller every day before getting up.

Maule won his senior-wranglership by studying hard, long after ordinary folk were up and about, snugly ensconced under the blankets.

John Foster thought his sermons out in bed; methodical Anthony Trollope regularly read for an hour before rising; and Mary Somerville made it a rule not to get up before twelve or one, although she began work at eight; reading, writing, and calculating hard—with her pet sparrow upon her arm—four or five hours every day, but those four or five hours were spent in bed.

Grains of Gold.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

The malicious man is no man's foe so much as his own.

There is no road so even but it has its stumbling places.

Keep it a secret in your own heart and nobody will know it.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well.

Perform present duties that time may be apportioned for future labors.

Love for one's kind is the keystone of the whole arch of Christian practice.

Sunshine is like love—it makes everything shine with its own beauty.

The present with its duties, and the future with its hopes, are all we have to do with.

It is astonishing how much we all go about with our eyes open, and yet see nothing.

Materialism—The winter of aspiration, the death of hope, and the grave of everything.

Assure yourself that employment is one of the very best remedies for the disappointments of life.

Don't be afraid to work. Life is short, and you will have time enough to rest when it is over.

Birds—Winged songs dropped from the harps of the angels, and missioned to teach man praise.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can will probably do much more than he imagines.

A wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well.

The man who contents himself to-day with that which he has, will content himself to-morrow with that which he may have.

The greatest works have been done by units, and it is better to choose the solitary here in truth than go with the majority to do the evil.

Foundations are good, and paths are good, but they are not enough. Foundations were made to build on; paths were made to walk in.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object about them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy we have to struggle and overcome self. Such a victory is noble in the extreme.

It is a great blunder, in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it—that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

Depend upon honest and true convictions, and, with a carefully arranged plan of action, go bravely and perseveringly to work in the substantial hope of achieving success.

Habituate yourself to the indulgent and exculpatory view of those with whom you live, with such exceptions as moral courage and firmness require, and as you can render good reason for.

As before swift ships there is a hill of water, and a corresponding one glides along behind, so always before us is a mountain which we hope to climb, and behind us is still a deep valley out of which we have ascended.

Femininities.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.

Old maids—Embers from which the sparks have fled.

Woman is the nervous part of humanity; man the muscular.

Passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.

There is a movement at Toronto to establish a medical school for ladies.

For a woman to love some men is like casting a flower into a sepulchre.

True love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unconstrained.

A school-girl wants to know if a grass widow is one whose husband died from hay fever.

Where is there any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

Love—The sickle, silver-gleaming, that reaps for eternal garners the rich harvest of humanity.

Dr. Morgan Dix calls Lillie Devereux Blake a "clamorous evangelist of spurious womanhood."

A woman who thinks for herself is weak, but a woman who thinks for another is decidedly strong.

A certain young lady objects to smoking, because it leaves an unpleasant taste about the moustache.

Benjamin Franklin said, "He that taketh a wife takes care." Not if he takes care when he takes her.

The average stay of servant girls in families is said to be less than seven weeks, taking the country over.

When a woman wishes to hide something where nobody will ever be able to find it, she puts it in her dress-pocket.

The latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged?

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named their first baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it. But he didn't hold it worth a cent.

Nothing so strongly tests a man's veracity as to be summoned to the door to confronted with the question, "Are you the head of the house, sir?"

A young man rarely gets a better vision of himself than that which is reflected from a true woman's eyes, for God Himself sits behind them.

It was a Cincinnati young lady who, when she was presented with a handsome pair of opera-glasses, asked how in the world she was to keep them on

President White says, as to the co-education of the sexes at Cornell, that in the classes men outrank women in study, and that a few will be far ahead, but that women have a better general average.

There is hope for Boston. A bright, fashionable, and elegantly-dressed woman of that city announced the other day before a number of people that her father was a tinsmith, and stood well professionally!

Something he would rather not have said.—She, encouragingly: "Your step suits mine exactly, Mr. Willis." He, nervously: "So glad to hear you say so, Miss Simpson; I know I'm such a bad waltzer."

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing a shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and horse under treatment, and a large number of men are searching the ruins for the groom.

A European personal: "A Prince, allied to many royal families, and having the title 'Altesse Serenissime' (Serene Highness) desires to marry a young lady with a dowry of two millions." It appeared in a French paper, and gave the address of his agent.

Berlin possesses an academy for female cooks. The course lasts six months, and is concluded by a public examination. There are three classes—specialist cooks, tavern cooks, and professor cooks. The number of students at the last report was one hundred and forty.

In Lancashire, England, boys and girls marry in their teens. Saturday is their favorite wedding-day, and on Monday morning the newly-made husband and wife take their places in the mills where they work. Old women take care of the babies for 25 cents a week.

A little girl, who was spending her first month on a farm in the country, was asked what she liked best in the country. She replied, "I like the country because there are no corners; when I am at home mother tells me to go no farther than the corner of the street; but you see there are no corners here, and I can go anywhere."

Women are certainly getting their rights as to educational facilities. London University; University College, Liverpool; the Royal University of Ireland; Cambridge University; four colleges in Canada, and in this country Boston University, Cornell, Michigan, Oberlin, Vassar, Vermont University, Kansas University, Iowa University, and a dozen other institutions, confer degrees upon women.

"The idea of putting John on the jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, when she heard that her husband had been drawn. They might as well order a new trial, right off. They'll not get John to agree to a verdict. He is the most obstinatest man I ever saw. I never knew him to agree with his own wife in anything, and it ain't at all likely he's going to agree with people he don't care anything about. The very idea of such a thing! A pretty juryman he is!"

News Notes.

Opium-smoking is a common vice in Nevada.

Cabmen receive only 15 cents an hour in Italy.

Turf matters in France grow in popular interest.

The rage in Washington now is for open fire-places.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has a solid gold tea service.

A Denver Indian has just been convicted of forging a check.

A Vermont jail has been without an inmate for two years.

Southern papers speak of drummers as commercial tourists.

The cost per annum of cremating 7,000 bodies at Bombay is $15,000.

Queen Victoria has 26 grandchildren, of whom only two are married.

San Jose, Cal., has a well-trained military company of young ladies.

There are 3,000 professional acrobats in the Northwest provinces of India.

Henry Irving, the famous English tragedian, will visit the United States this year.

In San Francisco Police Officer Sullivan arrested Joseph Sullivan for robbing John T. Sullivan.

English trades unions want girls under fourteen prohibited from work with hammer and forge.

There are three streets in Athens, Ga., all the houses in which are owned and inhabited by negroes.

A large number of boys and girls in Nashville, Tenn., are going into silk-culture this spring.

Sapphires are the most fashionable stones at present. The deeper the color the more valuable the stone.

The Oxford University authorities contemplate abolishing the compulsory wearing of gowns in the street.

The sale of the revised New Testament has fallen tremendously, and publishers have lost money on it.

Rev. John Jasper, theologian and astronomer, has preached his sermon on "De Sun do Move" over 500 times.

The French government have determined to light forty of the largest lighthouses along the French coast by electricity.

Toronto, a police officer there says, has more than twenty criminals who fled from this country and are enjoying life quietly.

The reigning beauty of Ireland is a Belfast mill-girl. Crowds, it is said, daily surround the mill to see her as she takes her departure.

San Francisco sporting men play billiards for sweet charity's sake. They stake a sum of money, and the winner gives it to some needy charity.

L. W. Pond was at one time worth $1,000,000, and owned car-shops at Worcester, Mass. He is now working in the shops he once owned for $3 a day.

Prussia gets an income tax out of everybody who earns $2.25 a day or more, and has just remitted the tax from 3,740,000 people who earned less.

At a church in New Haven, Conn., recently, 1,000 men pledged themselves in one evening not to even enter a drinking saloon for a period of one year.

In a Bethlehem shop window are a pair of spun silk gloves, made in 1753, and they are almost a fac simile of another pair lying alongside and made in 1882.

Salwi Morse says that if he is prevented from bringing out his "Passion Play," he will produce an original play in which 700 people and twenty horses take part.

Colonel James Coulter, a member of the Tennessee Legislature, wears his hair like a woman, bangs and all, the switch dropping to his waist when hairpins fall out.

The negro ministers of New Orleans have induced their parishioners to be vaccinated after the Board of Health had employed every other means, except force, in vain.

Canning oranges is the latest Florida idea. It was started by two maiden ladies, who, finding no market for their oranges, conceived the idea of canning them like other fruit.

Lord Bramwell says that in London Saturday may be considered "pay day, drink day, and crime day." Twice as many crimes are committed on Saturday as on any other day.

The proprietor, editor and printers of the London Freethinker have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three months to a year, for ridiculing the Trinity.

A bill to abolish actions for breach of promise to marry, has been introduced in the British House of Parliament and it will probably pass, the law to take effect on January next.

Ross Winans, of Baltimore, the American millionaire, now holds in the counties of Ross and Inverness, Scotland, 730 square miles of land exclusively devoted to deer, and desires to extend this great oven to larger dimensions.

So Prevalent and so Fatal has Consumption become, that it is now everywhere dreaded as the great scourge of humanity; and yet, in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily relieved and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma, and also for Coughs and Colds.

THE ROYAL DEGREE.

A BAD boy gives in Peck's Sun the following account of how himself and chum gave his father the Royal Bumber Degree: "We went up-stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps and when we asked him who comes there he must say 'a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.'

Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she came in it would break the lodge up, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have a side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you initiate a man in your Mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan popper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much to the square inch of goat.

Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a laffing and I tied a towel around his eyes and then turned him around and made him get upon his hands also, and then his back was right toward the closet door, and I put a buck-beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was laffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, but we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree.

Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door and some kyan popper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low base tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree.

I warned him that it was full of dangers as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to.

He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie.

Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following:

"Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him Bump!"

Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan popper on the goat's moustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and he see the lager-beer goat raring up, and he started for it just like a cow-catcher and blatted.

Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got hit, and he grunted and said: "What are the boys doin'?" and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the bannisters pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting and sneezing and butting, and the servant came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as he struck her and said: 'Heaven protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat reared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then me and my chum drove the goat out.

The minister, who comes to see ma three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nibbled, too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blatting and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and as he didn't know the minister was there he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to His people and none of them sot down but ma, cause the goat did not bit her, and while they was talkin' religion with their mouths, and kussin' the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night and I hain't been home since."

A LIFE spent worthily should be measured by a noble line—by deeds, not words.

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

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THE DEACON.

The deacon was stingy as stingy could be,
And his minister keen as a brier;
And the minister wished the ceiling removed,
But could not get his desire.

One day a piece of the plastering fell
By fate on the hard deacon's head,
And he sprang from his seat and offered a ten
To have things secured overhead.

"Lord, hit him again!" said the minister keen,
"With which You and I will agree,
For if plaster will open the heart of a man
The plaster the man should have free.

—S. T. OLEN.

Facetiæ.

Men of mite—Dwarfs.

A fast gait—One that is bolted.

A man of no principal—A bankrupt.

Breeches of trust—Trousers on credit.

Always down on the boys—A moustache.

What kind of music does an excessive tobacco masticator remind one of? An over-chewer, of course.

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Brown—"My dear fellow—two umbrellas! What on earth is that for?" Jones—"In case I leave one anywhere."

The man who was the coolest person at the battle of Bull Run has just died. He hid in an ice-house near by during the night.

Why may a skilful and busy surgeon be said to be not a genial character? Because he cuts his best friends as well as his enemies.

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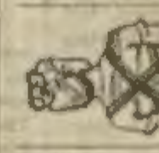

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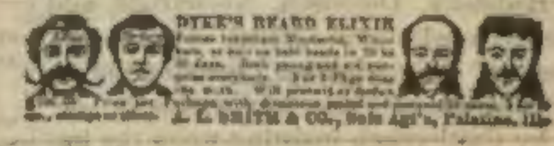

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Soddy, Tenn., March 9, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

N. C.

South Harpswell, Me., March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

N. A. T.

Roseville, Pa., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

E. N. M.

Shellbina, Mo., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. A.

Longview, Ky., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. A. W.

Eklo, Md., March 10, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

S. L. C

Lexington, Mo., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

V. L. W.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

C. D.

Coon Island, Pa., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. M. T.

Burton, Tex, March. 6, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. H. L.

Nantucket, Mass., March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Elkton, Neb., March 7, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

R. H. M.

Flushing, N. Y., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. W.

St. George, Utah., March 5, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. H. G.

Boerville, Tex., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

B. F.

Lewiston, Idaho, March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. E. B.

Parnell, Ky., March 9, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. M. L.

Keese, Tex., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

F. M. W.

Humorous.

A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy.

Revival meetings—The courtship of a widower.

The close of day—The dusky mantle of the night.

Why are farmers like fowls? Because neither will get full crops without industry.

According to a Cincinnati paper, a tramp refused to saw wood for his dinner, giving as a reason that he was bitterly opposed to the destruction of our forests, and would do nothing to encourage that kind of business. And he walked off picking his teeth.

When a Leadville man fell in love with a woman and swore he would kill himself unless she married him, the gentle creature bought a pistol for him, and he carried out his threat to the letter. A Leadville woman will do anything for a man who loves her.

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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

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Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

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It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

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In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

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"I've gained 20 pounds in two months," writes Mr. J. C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., (Dec. 2-82), "and am a well man. I'd suffered with liver disorders since 1862. Kidney-Wort cured me."

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Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Ten days earlier than any other cabbage, and producing well-formed conical heads remarkably large size for so early a ripener. Whoever plants it will be amazed at its early maturity; and if he be a market-gardner, will be able to place it in the market ahead of all competitors.

We have reports of this variety reaching ten pounds in weight remarkable considering its extreme earliness.

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Price lists, wholesale and retail, furnished upon application. Landreth's seeds are in sealed packages, with name and full directions for culture.

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Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, and Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are, moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; three boxes, $1.25 (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

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Samples of Knitting Silk. A Specimen pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

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Go to work at once. Show the paper containing the list of Farms and description of improvements. If you will get 10 Subscribers and send $20, we will give the getter-up of the Club a subscription for himself FREE, which will give him equal right with other subscribers to obtain one of the Farms. For 20 subscribers and $40 we will give two extra subscriptions; for 25 subscribers and $50, three extra subscriptions; for 30 subscribers, four extra subscriptions; for 35 subscribers and $70, five extra subscriptions; for 40 subscribers and $80, six extra subscriptions; for 45 subscribers seven extra subscriptions; and for 50 subscribers and $100, we will give eight extra subscriptions. The extra subscriptions can be sent to any one to whom the getter-up of the Club desires. Each of whom will have an equal opportunity to obtain one of the Farms. By this means you may get the 960 acre Farm. Let every reader of this advertisement send at least one name with his own, and we will get the 75,000 subscribers and will distribute the $150,000 worth of property at once. Remember you may get a Farm worth $3,000 or $10,000, free of every encumbrance.

IMPORTANT!—As a matter of security to our Subscribers the Deeds and Abstracts of Title to all the Farms have been deposited with the Union Trust Company of Philadelphia, Pa.

Address PRACTICAL FARMER, Philadelphia, Pa.

5000 MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN Wanted to secure Subscribers to the PRACTICAL FARMER. Sample copy free. You may get yourself, neighbor, or parents, a fine farm.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE milliners have brought out a host of novelties in bonnet shapes, colors, combinations of shades, materials, and trimmings.

The new spring millinery is fantastic in the extreme, but it shows immense variety and resource, so that every style of beauty and plainness can be suited, and still look in the fashion.

I need not surely add what I have often tried to impress on my readers, viz., that the best-dressed Parisians never adopt extremes, and rarely those eccentricities invented by our milliners mostly for foreigners.

For the present fine straw bonnets will be worn—colored straws, generally red or brown—the former in raspberry and crushed strawberry, and the latter in leather or tobacco shades.

There are fancy straws, in which gilt or silver braid is intermixed, and bonnets entirely of gold, silver, or bronze braids are to be seen; also the osier bonnet, of india-rubber tubing, as introduced last summer; but the fine straws take the lead.

The shapes are varied. The brims have received the most attention, for they have been tortured into all sorts of attitudes, the most prominent being that with a point over the forehead.

The pokes are in the ascendant, and those named "tip tilted" very likely will carry the day.

The trimming is massed on the top, and the new bows are called "coxcombs," probably from the notches like those of a comb of the cock cut in the ends of the many pieces of narrow ribbon of which they are composed.

The bows are so strapped down that these notched ends are left stiff and bristling. Narrow ribbons are again to the fore. They do duty as double strings, tied separately, and for these cockscomb bows; their width varies from one to two inches, and they are reversible.

One side is velvet, the other satin; or, again, one side is ottoman and the reverse satin.

Eastern coloring pervades brocaded ribbons. As to the colors in millinery, yellow decidedly dominates.

There is the *pepite*, or light shade, patronized by Spanish women with their black lace, and it is the shade of their native gold. Then there is "mandarin orange" and "dark nasturtium," as well as all the intervening shades, and these yellows are oddly contrasted with gray or with dark red, with green and pale pink.

Strawberry red is now shown in eight different shades, and there is raspberry red with a purple tinge.

Then there is a new light bronze-green called *tige d'œillet*, or stem-of-pink green; also Judic shades, pinkish heliotrope, or dark-red purple, like amaranth and scabious shades.

Ananas, or pine apple, *suir*, or leather-brown, and shades of blue in porcelain tints, in which gray has a large share.

There are pure Sevres blues and dark sapphires. Tortoise-shell and amber-headed pins, as well as buckles, ornament bonnets of all these colors.

The trimmings are laces, ribbons, flowers, pompons, marabout aigrettes, and ostrich tips.

The laces would require columns of description, for there are gold laces, white lace with gold thread, soutache lace, leather lace in guipure designs, made of silk and kid combined, colored laces of every shade, cashmere laces, and black, French, Spanish, and guipure laces.

Flowers are massed together ungracefully, and a feature is made of thick stalks and stems, and even of thorns.

Velvet and plush are used for the petals of dark nasturtiums, carnations, asters, dahlias, and wild roses.

Strawberry-red ribbons are used to fasten on clusters of yellow flowers and soldat aliss. Turkey red is used with the popular leather laces.

There are many ladies who have such a strong preference for black that they object to wear colors of any kind, even the darkest.

Fashion fortunately regards this fancy with a benevolent eye, and very elegant and becoming models for black toilettes are continually being issued.

One example has a skirt of black satin, edged with two wide box-pleated flounces, the polonaise being of black embossed velvet.

It is very long, reaching the lowest flounce back and front, draped up high on each side—the back drapery falling quite distinct from the tablier, a robing of chenille fringe in a thick mass filling in the opening.

On the tournure behind are placed two stars of passementerie, two large satin bows, a large loop and an end emerging from the centre of each.

The rest of the corsage is perfectly plain. The black chapeau to accompany this costume should be enlivened with red or old-gold feathers, as this is not a mourning toilette, or a gray felt hat with a long gray ostrich feather, or a capote of shaded beads would be very suitable.

The following is a stylish model of an embroidered cloth dress, embroidered in colored silks, not braid.

It is of a deep but quiet and ladylike blue, the skirt consisting of one wide and one narrow box-pleating, scalloped at the edge, each pleat covered with embroidery. Below the narrower flounce is a narrow satin bouillonne and pleating.

Vertugadin paniers are pleated into the waist, the lower part of each pleat being reversed and drawn to the left, below appearing a narrow scalloped and embroidered band; the back drapery falls in rich coquilles and is also scalloped and embroidered, a wide band forming the collar and edging the square pleated chemisette of satin. The tight sleeves are embroidered at the edge.

Day costumes, except those specially intended for indoor wear, are always made in such a manner that they can be worn in the street without a confection.

When visiting, the heavy visiting mantle is usually left in the carriage, and yet the visitor should appear in a correct outdoor costume, the mantle only being worn in very cold weather; hence the style should be carefully chosen, a jacket corsage or redingote being the most suitable.

One costume of blue cloth, suitable for many purposes, has a pleated skirt, the pleats very large and caught up in front with a strap of blue plush and a steel buckle so as to make a puffed bouillonne.

The plain corsage is open over a pleated plastron reaching below the hips, the pleats turned under like a blouse over a band of plush which also encircles the basque of the corsage and hides the junction of wide-pleated robings edged with a deep plush band.

The back drapery consists of a series of cloth loops, a coat-collar and revers trimming the corsage and a strap of plush fastening together the two fronts below it with two steel buckles.

A large round felt hat, the brim nearly covered with feathers, completes this very graceful costume.

Plaid is used often as scarfs or draped paniers to enliven a toilette of some sober color.

A pretty example is a skirt of brown cashmere, arranged in a large bouillonne and a deep flounce vandyked at the edge over a pleated balayeuse.

The plaid is brown, red, and yellow, forms a short pleated tablier and a full puffed drapery behind, the corsage being of brown cloth with round basques trimmed in the centre with a drapery of brown plush, over the hips, clasped in front with a steel ornament.

From this clasp to the neck is a pointed plastron of plaid fastening down the front with gold buttons.

The officer's collar is of plush, and the sleeves are vandyked over plaid flounces. The brown felt hat is lined with bouillonne plush and trimmed with a shaded red and yellow feather.

An exceptionally handsome and new form of dress for evening wear is of very pale blue ottoman faille.

The skirt consists of two bouillonnes falling naturally into pleats, and separated by eleven rows of gauging edged with a fluted flounce, which forms a heading for two blue lace flounces, the lower falling over a pleated satin balayeuse.

The corsage is of Sevres blue plush, with long basques in front, and a ribbon belt round the waist, a heavy drapery of plush trimming the front of the corsage, a drapery which suits nevertheless the tall and slender figure it is made for. The paniers are of plush, starting in seven pleats from the moire belt in front, the pleats then enlarging and forming pompadour paniers, the two ends caught together for the looped drapery behind mixed with rosettes of lace and ribbon.

Fireside Chat.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THE crank of the freezer being turned a few times, caused the ice to settle somewhat, and more was added.

For Miss Parlor said that if the packing be solid at first there need be no repacking. She laid especial stress on the fact that the water must not be drawn off.

It fills all the crevices and gives the can a complete cold envelope. For a gallon freezer about ten quarts of ice and three pints of salt are required.

With more salt it would take less time for freezing, but the cream would not be so smooth.

At first the crank should not be turned very fast, but the speed should be increased as the work becomes harder.

When the cream was finally frozen—as indicated by the extreme difficulty with which the crank was turned—Miss Parlor carefully wiped the salt and ice from the cover of the can and removed the cover without displacing the can itself.

The beater was removed and the cream scraped from it, and a large spoon was worked up and down in the can until the cream was light and the space left vacant by the removal of the beater was filled.

The cover of the can was replaced, a cork was put in the hole from which the handle of the beater was taken, and the freezer was set aside for a while.

When she came to serve the cream, Miss Parlor placed the can for a few seconds in a pan of warm water so that the heat caused the cream to slip out easily upon a dish.

She said that if cream is to be moulded it should be removed from the can when the beater is removed; and when it is put into the mould it should be worked up and down with a spoon, so that it shall be lightened, and worked into every part of the mould as well.

A sheet of white paper should be placed over the cream before the cover of the mould is put on, and the mould should be buried in fresh ice and salt.

A delicious soup, tapioca cream, was the first dish prepared at the following lecture, and in its manufacture were used a quart of white stock, a pint of cream, two stalks of celery, an onion, a third of a cupful of tapioca, two cupfuls of cold water, a tablespoonful of butter, a small piece of mace, and small quantities of salt and pepper.

The tapioca had been washed in advance and soaked over night. It was cooked very gently for an hour, together with the stock. The onion and celery were cut into small pieces and put on to cook for twenty minutes with the mace and milk, and then the contents of this second dish were strained upon the tapioca and stock.

The butter, salt and pepper were added, and the soup served at once. Soda biscuit were made of a quart of unsifted flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and milk enough (nearly a pint) to make a soft dough.

Lard or drippings might have been used instead of butter, and water instead of milk. The dry ingredients were mixed together and rubbed through a sieve; then the milk was added, and the mixture stirred with a spoon until a smooth paste had been formed. The moulding-board having been sprinkled lightly with flour, the dough was rolled down to the thickness of about half an inch. It was cut into small cakes, and these were baked fifteen minutes in a very hot oven.

Fairy gingerbread was made of two cupfuls of sugar, four of flour, one of milk, one of butter, a tablespoonful of ginger, and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda.

When the butter had been beaten to a cream the sugar was gradually added, followed, when the mixture became light, by the ginger, the milk (in which the soda had been allowed in the meantime to dissolve), and finally the flour.

Baking pans were turned upside down, the bottoms were wiped clean and then buttered, and the cake mixture was spread upon them very thin.

The gingerbread was baked in a moderate oven until brown, and, while still hot, it was cut into squares with a case-knife and slipped off of the pan.

Miss Parlor said that the two important points to be remembered are, to spread the mixture thin as a wafer and cut it the instant it is taken from the oven.

The gingerbread should be kept in a tin box. A large dish can be made with the quantities of ingredients given above.

For Ames cake there were used three cupfuls of pastry flour, two of sugar, a generous cupful of butter, a small cupful of milk, the yolks of five eggs and the whites of three, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of lemon extract.

Miss Parlor said that a spoonful and a half of baking powder might be substituted for the cream of tartar and soda, and the juice of a fresh lemon for the teaspoonful of the extract.

The butter having been beaten to a cream, the sugar was added gradually, then the flavor, the eggs (well beaten), the milk, and finally the flour, with the soda and cream of tartar mixed with it.

The whole mixture was stirred quickly and thoroughly, and baked in two sheets in a moderate oven for 25 or 30 minutes.

The loaves were covered with a frosting made by stirring two small cupfuls of powdered sugar into the whites of two eggs, seasoning with lemon.

Part of the Ames cake was cut into small squares, and after a small portion of the crust had been removed from each, the cavities were filled with preserved strawberries.

The pieces of crust were replaced, and the cakes, covered with icing made after a recipe already published, became Viennois cakes.

Part of the Ames cake also was cut into small oblong pieces, which were frosted on the top and sides.

When the frosting had become hard Miss Parlor drew dark lines and made dots with a little brush that she dipped into melted chocolate, giving the cakes the semblance and the name of dominoes.

Correspondence.

FANNIE, (Woodbury, N. J.)—There is no such firm in this city.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

H. J., (Washington, D. C.)—You may venture to speak first yourself, and take the chance of her recognizing you. If this difficulty is made up, and you must quarrel again, quarrel with some enemy, and not with your best friend.

WAGNER, (Lee, Iowa.)—You could learn to play the cornet without a teacher. As to whether or not a cornet would be a nice instrument for you to have in your room, it would be advisable for you to consult the landlady and your fellow lodgers. Don't be too selfish.

BASHFUL.—You would find histories, biographies, and travels both interesting and instructive. Study any elementary grammar, and practice writing daily. You will improve rapidly. The embarrassment you feel will wear off as you grow older and become more accustomed to society.

JENNIE, (Morgan, Ind.)—He probably likes you, but has not the courage to come after you to go to church, although he finds it easy enough to accompany you home. Treat him considerately, and his courage will doubtless grow so rapidly that he will soon be able to ask the privilege of walking to church with you.

LUCIA, (Nevada, Cal.)—The word challenge is used in many different ways. To challenge a statement is to question or dispute its correctness. To challenge a juror is to refuse to accept him as a member of the jury. To challenge a vote is to question the right of a person to deposit his ballot, and put him to the proof that he is a duly qualified voter.

MAX, (Mercer, O.)—It is very commendable in you under such adverse circumstances to have acquired as much education as you have. Persevere and obtain as much more as you can. You are too young to allow yourself to fall in love. It is only a childish fancy, and you will make yourself unhappy by indulging in it. Read and study, and keep your mind on your books for a few years to come.

LOUIS, (Lycoming, Pa.)—Voltaire was one of the originators of the independence which marks modern thought, but he was by no means the only one. Nor was he the ablest or the best of them, although he was by far the wittiest, the most incisive, and the least scrupulous. His work consisted mainly in helping to overthrow what was false and obstructive. He did little to build up what was true and progressive.

STAR, (Pike, Ala.)—The more marked twinkling of the fixed stars (all stars have some of the scintillation) arises from their smaller discs than those of the planets. The cause of it in any star is to be found in the modifications of atmospheric refraction which are rendered inevitable by the agitations in constant progress in the atmosphere. The most probable account of the difference you note is the greater amount of ocean—with its very uniform temperature—in the Southern hemisphere than in the Northern.

MABLE, (Phila., Pa.)—The life insurance companies, after long experience and close observation, have made out a table of life averages that they call the actuaries' table, and which has been found to be so correct that they base their business upon it. The table includes estimates of chances from the age of ten to that of ninety-nine. According to this table, a person ten years old has little less than seven chances in a thousand of dying within a year; while a person ninety-nine years old has a thousand chances in a thousand. A person of your age—thirty-eight—has almost ten chances in a thousand of dying within a year. This should not make you melancholy, for, according to the same table, you have over nine hundred and ninety chances of living beyond the year.

H. F. D., (Hanover, Va.)—1. It would be quite proper to send a wedding present under the circumstances, whether you are invited or not. Even if you are only the friend of the groom and do not know the bride personally, the present should be sent to her a few days before the wedding, and she should, of course, be addressed by her maiden name. 2. The napkin should be opened and laid across the lap. Do not tuck it under your chin or into your waistcoat. Although some, moving in what is called good society, do this, it always has an unpleasant look, as if you meant to feed eagerly and dirtily. If you are dining quietly with a family, you should fold up your napkin; at a formal dinner party you simply lay it on the table.

F. C., (Camden, N. J.)—Victor Hugo was born in 1802. His father was a noted general under Napoleon, but after the fall of that great genius, General Hugo's fortune waned. Victor showed remarkable literary talents at an early age, and by the time he was thirty-five years old had won his way to the head of the romantic school of literature in France as a poet, a dramatist and a novelist. He then turned his attention to politics, in which he also ran a brilliant career, and was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe in 1845. He took an active part in the French Revolution of 1848. When Louis Napoleon overthrew the French republic in 1852, Victor Hugo assailed him so vigorously that the Emperor banished him from France. Since then he has lived abroad during most of his time.

VIRGINIA, (Hartford, Conn.)—What can we say? It is idle to try to define the boundary between the actually real and the "imaginary," or ideal, in the world around us. When we look at any object, we see not the thing itself, but our idealized impression or perception of it. The sane brain recognizes only impressions coming from the real and the actual, but these are compounded of many conceptions mixed with or based upon perception, and no doubt there are some purely or approximately pure conceptions imported into the idea formed. External objects undoubtedly exist; but we modify the images formed in our minds by our notions about them. Something also depends on the power and accuracy of the sensory function by which we are brought into relation with the external. For example, if a man is color-blind, red may be green for him, although to the rest of the world it is red. Something exists, but we do not know precisely what. Why trouble about these speculations? They have no bearing on the facts and realities of the working world in which we all live; they are simply topics for the schoolmen and psychologists. Berkeleyism was simply the refuge of a highly imaginative set of philosophers.